TEAMSTERS & GROWERS **RONALD B. TAYLOR**

THE NATION

MARCH 19, 1973 50 cents

8-72 8-74 AG
The Sherrod Library
Periodicals Dept.
E. Tennessee St. Univ.
Johnson City, Tn. 37601

David J. Rothman
THE ATTICA SYSTEM

You Can't Reform the Bastille

Armenia & Georgia
THE NOT-SO-SOVIET REPUBLICS
Carl Goldberg

George Woodcock / Dorothy Day's Radicalism

The Sherrod Library
East Tennessee State University
Johnson City, Tennessee
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIALS

The Missing Question

In the first phase of its hearings, the Senate Judiciary Committee has made a convincing case against continuing L. Patrick Gray III as permanent director of the FBI. Gray admits that he slipped an FBI report on the Watergate incident to the White House. He admits that a Presidential counsel, John W. Dean, was permitted to be present when White House employees were interviewed by the FBI about the Watergate affair, although he did not think this was proper. He admits that, out of regard for the sensitivities of John Mitchell, he declined to question his wife, Martha, who was bursting with indignation about "dirty tricks" in politics and obviously had a story to tell. And it is evident that Gray did campaign for the re-election of the President at the request of the White House. These are merely a few points of vulnerability brought out in the first phase of Gray's interrogation.

But Gray has not yet been questioned on a critically important policy question. He says that, when he was first named acting director, he summoned the "best brains" of the bureau and told them that, next to the problem of organized crime, he thought the most important question the bureau faced was to determine whether a special statutory basis was needed in order to permit the carrying out of intelligence tasks unrelated to law enforcement. Yet on May 25, 1972, when he spoke in Biloxi, Miss., he said that in the interests of national security the bureau had jurisdiction to gather intelligence unrelated to law enforcement—adding that such a statement would no doubt draw "salvos" of protests from dissidents. Now the fact that Gray requested the "best brains" of the bureau to report on the problem indicated that he had considerable uncertainty about the jurisdictional basis for such activity. Presumably he has received a staff report on the subject; if so, the Senate has an obligation to make it part of the record. The Senate cannot afford to muff the opportunity which it now has, for the first time in the history of the bureau, to get at this fundamental policy question. It may not get another chance during the lifetime of its members.

For the incredible fact is that there really isn't any substantial legal basis for collecting intelligence, by surveillance or other means, on the political beliefs, activities, associates and affiliations of individual citizens who are not associated with any crime. If an individual is charged with violating a federal statute, or is being investigated for possible violation of such a statute, then inquiry into his political background might be relevant. But unrelated to law enforcement, the inquiry is improper —so critics of the bureau have long contended.

From the time he was named director until 1939, the late J. Edgar Hoover sought such authorization but never received it. In the spring of 1939, the Attorney General became concerned about potential espionage and sabotage and wanted to avoid, if possible, the confusion that conflicting claims of jurisdiction to investigate such matters had caused at the time of World War I. So, on September 6, 1939, two weeks after the signing of the Nazi-Soviet nonaggression pact, and three days after Britain and France declared war on Germany, President Roosevelt signed a "formal statement"—designated as such —to local law-enforcement officials, in which he said that the Attorney General had been requested to instruct the FBI to take charge of espionage, sabotage and violations of the neutrality regulations. To this end, he requested that all police officers, sheriffs and other law-enforcement officials turn over to the nearest local office of the FBI any information relating to espionage, counterespionage, sabotage, violations of the neutrality laws and *subversive activities.* This last phrase appears not in the first paragraph of the statement, in which the directive was set forth, but in the third paragraph. It should be emphasized that this was a "formal statement," not an Executive Order per se.

In the context of events, the "formal statement" should be viewed as an emergency action which would normally be expected to expire at the end of World War II, even if it had not been formally revoked by then. For whatever reason, it was never formally rescinded or set aside. Yet this slender, fragile authorization is all that exists by way of specific executive or legislative sanction for widespread intelligence and surveillance activities of the FBI unrelated to regular law enforcement.

True, Hoover would appear before the Appropriation Committees from time to time and regale them, behind locked doors, with tall tales of how the FBI was investigating "subversives," and the admiration which committee members then showed for his virtuoso performances might be cited as an indication of Congressional assent to his assumption of a general intelligence function. But this would be stretching matters pretty far. Nor can it be said that the 1968 legislation about crossing state lines with *intent* to incite riots, etc., would in itself confer a general power to inquire into the political background and beliefs and activities of individuals who had *not* incited a riot or who had not been charged with plotting such an offense.

When he appeared before the Senate committee on March 1, Gray put into the record a statement of the "Avenues of Inquiry" he had presented to the "best brains" of the bureau. The second item on the list reads: "Subversion (specifically include in this paper a detailed analysis and justification for our current policies with regard to the investigation of individuals where there has been no specific violation of federal law. Is additional legislation needed in this area?)." The committee should, in all conscience, ask Gray about these "current policies"; it should also take a look at whatever report and/or recommendations the staff submitted. By way of comment, Gray testified:

"As to our jurisdictional authority, the obvious and only question is: Do we have jurisdictional authority to investigate? In short, is this a case within the jurisdiction conferred upon the FBI? Do we have a responsibility to move in? Are we commanded by federal law to act? If not, we will not act . . . we will not move in . . . and we will not investigate."

Thus, the acting director made his position almost redundantly clear, but the FBI *does* move in, *does* investigate in this area where, as Gray concedes, its jurisdiction

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is highly uncertain, if not totally nonexistent. Did it not occur to any Senator present to ask Gray how many such investigations have been initiated in the months since he took command of the bureau?

At this writing, there is a chance that the hearings may be suspended so that the committee can examine Mr. Dean—that is, if the President will permit him to testify. It would be desirable if they could be held up, as Senator Kennedy has suggested, until Senator Ervin has concluded his investigation of the Watergate affair. In any case, the committee will be seriously remiss in its duty if it fails to question Gray on the critical issues of police surveillance of citizens unrelated to law enforcement.

Big Numbers

In the words of Daniel W. Hofgren, $200,000 is "big numbers." So big that the former vice chairman of the finance committee of CREEP excitedly reported to "Morrie"—Maurice Stans, that is, chairman of the finance committee—that Robert L. Vesco, who was having certain difficulties with the Securities and Exchange Commission, just might make a contribution in that amount. Morrie, "the closer on most of the bigger deals," said he would take it from there. On April 10, Harry L. Sears, a New Jersey lawyer who headed the President's re-election campaign in that state, with an associate (both men were identified with Vesco's operations), delivered the $200,000 in cash, in a briefcase, to Stans. That was three days after the new federal law governing contributions went into effect.

The contribution was not reported nor was any receipt given for the money. Sears had previously warned Stans that Vesco was under investigation by the SEC and that the contribution might therefore be regarded as improper. Stans was again reminded of Vesco's legal difficulties on the day the money was turned over to him. And as early as February 11, 1972, Sears had told then Attorney General Mitchell that he wanted to set up an appointment with the chairman of the SEC to discuss Vesco's problems. At that time, Mitchell was noncommittal, but two hours after Stans got the money, Sears again met with Mitchell who said that he thought the appointment could be arranged. And Sears did see both the chairman and C. Bradford Cook, then general counsel, now the new chairman of the SEC.

On January 13, 1973, the finance committee wrote to Vesco saying that it had come to their attention that he was under investigation by the SEC and for that reason both the $200,000 unreported cash contribution and $50,000 received by checks (this amount was reported) were being returned. But the fact that the $200,000 was eventually returned—it being a bit too hot to hold—does not dispel the stench that envelops this episode. Such incidents—this was merely one of the more offensive—inspire the thought that perhaps those who have been critical of the doings of Warren G. Harding and the "Ohio Gang" should join in a pilgrimage to the Harding shrine—wherever it is—to tender their apologies. By comparison with the antics of Morrie the Closer and his briefcase toters, Harding and company were small-town pikers.

IN THIS ISSUE

March 19, 1973

EDITORIALS

354

ARTICLES

357 Armenia & Georgia: The Not-So-Soviet Republics — *Carl Goldberg*

361 The Attica System: You Can't Reform the Bastille — *David J. Rothman*

366 Teamsters & Growers: A Romance Rekindled — *Ronald B. Taylor*

370 Safe Haven No More: Beefing Up the Ready Reserves — *David Cortright*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

373 Miller: A Harsh and Dreadful Love — *George Woodcock*

374 Atwood: Surfacing — *David H. Rosenthal*

374 The Weather (poem) — *David Ignatow*

375 Mangione: The Dream and the Deal — *Jack Salzman*

376 Bagdikian: The Effete Conspiracy — *Robert K. Landers*

378 Reed, ed.: Yardbird Reader — *Jerry H. Bryant*

379 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*

381 Art — *Lawrence Alloway*

Publisher
JAMES J. STORROW Jr.

Editor
CAREY McWILLIAMS

Associate Publisher
LINDA EDER STORROW

Executive Editor
ROBERT HATCH

Literary Editor
EMILE CAPOUYA

Western Representative
GIFFORD PHILLIPS

Copy Editor, MARION HESS; Poetry Editor, GRACE SCHULMAN; Theatre, HAROLD CLURMAN; Art, LAWRENCE ALLOWAY; Music, DAVID HAMILTON; Science, CARL DREHER; Advertising Manager, MARY SIMON; Circulation Manager, ROSE M. GREEN.

Editorial Associate, ERNEST GRUENING

Washington, ROBERT SHERRILL; London, RAYMOND WILLIAMS; Paris, CLAUDE BOURDET; Bonn, C. AMERY; Jerusalem, HERBERT KROSNEY; Canberra, C. P. FITZGERALD; U.N., ANNE TUCKERMAN.

The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Company and copyright 1973 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price: One year $15; two years, $27.50. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give five weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Manuscripts. All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 216

No. 12

MAR 19 '73

The Harold Library
UNIVERSITY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'Take Us Seriously'

So said the Black September terrorists who murdered two American diplomats and a Belgian, also a diplomat, in Khartoum, capital of the Sudan. The world has done exactly what the murderers demanded, but with horror and execration, not condonation. Among sober-minded Arabs the reaction was one of dismay.

Every underground movement has its lunatic fringe but in earlier times the sane majority could usually keep its quota of madmen under restraint. Technology has liberated them: it is part of the price we pay for worldwide instant communications. Injured or resentful groups can command world attention with the speed of lightning —one of the more dubious blessings of electronics. It is not hard to do; the only requirement is a small band of determined men armed with automatic weapons.

It can be done wisely, but the tendency is toward fanaticism and recklessness. For any hope of success, the activists must have a good case, keep violence to a minimum, and by what they do and say appeal to the sense of justice which, if not universal, is latent in a great many people.

The Black September terrorists are not likely to learn from this disaster, which may well have wrecked their movement, but the lessons are worth noting:

¶The terrorists horrified the world because it was clear that they intended to kill the two Americans and the Belgian (apparently they mistook him for a Jew) without giving the governments involved a chance to negotiate or even remonstrate. Their demands, such as the release of Sirhan Sirhan, were obviously megalomaniac. Significantly, they beat up their captives before killing them; their predecessors at Munich at least refrained from that barbarity. They then called in a doctor to treat the captives before shooting them.

¶They have embarrassed Arab nations which were sympathetic to their cause, even if not actually financing and supporting it. They alienated the moderates throughout the Arab world.

¶The government of Israel had incurred widespread condemnation for the shooting down of the Libyan airliner, with the loss of 106 lives. [See Jon Kimche: "Dayan, Meir and the Libyan Plane," *The Nation*, March 12.] There were mitigating circumstances in that incident, based in part on the earlier atrocities by Black September bands, and the failure of the Israeli military authorities to communicate on the radio frequencies used by the Cairo control tower and the lost airliner, but the onus remained on the Israelis. The terrorists got the Israelis off the hook for the time being.

¶By staging their action in Khartoum, the assassins drove a wedge between the government of the Sudan and the Arab world. They timed the blow for "Unity Day," as though to punish the Sudanese Government for appearing to turn its attention toward Africa and away from the Middle East.

¶The terrorists specifically mortified Saudi Arabia, in whose embassy the executions occurred.

¶Heroic speech must culminate in heroic action, or it becomes ludicrous. The Khartoum blow-hards scaled down their demands, finally dropped them after killing the three diplomats, and surrendered ignominiously. It was as if Samson had refrained from pulling down the Philistine temple because he did not want to get hit on the head.

¶The killings damaged prospects for possible peace talks in the Middle East. That may have been the prime reason for the action, or the terrorists may have been the tools of a Libyan plot. At the outset they demanded the freedom of hundreds of Arab captives; the end result may be that King Hussein will execute the sixteen guerrillas he has in captivity.

The most deplorable aspect of the whole affair is that the Palestinians have a genuine grievance and reasonable claim for redress. The Arabs have exploited their cause in the most shameless way, without giving them help or hope, but the Khartoum type of action by those claiming to represent the Palestinian cause is divisive even among Palestinians.

No one is entirely guiltless in this tragedy. Nor will it avail any of the participants to pass resolutions, or convert their embassies into fortresses. Even if the diplomats remain unscathed, there will always be the businessmen and tourists, soldiers and sailors: the possibilities are endless. Isn't it time to deal seriously with the Palestinian question, instead of leaving it to the most irresponsible elements and the tactics of the madhouse?

The Aid Traps

The President has spoken of a $7.5 billion program for the four countries of Indochina, spread over a five-year period, with presumably $2.5 billion allocated to North Vietnam. Some Congressmen have protested that the money should go to our own devastated cities, not those of the enemy. In many cases that is pure hypocrisy. In others, opponents of the war are continuing to press an argument which had precious little success during the war, but at least was morally relevant; now they seem to make no distinction between bombing and repairing the ravages of bombing. Again this makes them look bad, and enables Mr. Nixon to adopt a Lincolnesque pose, or as close to it as one with his record and known disposition can get. Politically, also, it puts Mr. Nixon into an enviable position: he blithely assures the Congress that no part of the reconstruction funds need come from domestic programs—it can all be siphoned off from defense and foreign aid.

Secretary of Defense Elliot L. Richardson has begun his new career with a cautious eye on the Pentagon and on the President's right-wing critics. His testimony that he can see "no pockets of fat" in the defense budget will

Coming April 2

SPECIAL POETRY ISSUE: I

International Forum on Poetry

Ca Dao: Poems from Vietnam • Peter Huchel • Osip Mandelstam • Three Italian Poets •

Essays on Zuni Indian Poetry; on New Israeli Poetry; on Political Poetry.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

serve to placate both of those factions. The fat, nevertheless, is there. In recent years, DOD has usually ended up with some $12 billion in the till: to get up to within speaking distance of the Joint Chiefs, a rising general or admiral must have not only a military mind but more than a little of the prudent, prehensile grasp of the successful banker. To get a few billions out of the Pentagon accounts may take some fancy legal work, but it is not impossible. It must not be forgotten that the projections are for hefty increases in the DOD budget: from $80.3 billion in 1972 it is rising to $81.7 billion in 1973; then, steeply, to $87.5 billion in 1974 and $91.9 billion in 1975. But taking funds from the military is a slippery business; they have a way of restoring what has been cut away. In the end, aid to Indochina may well come out of domestic programs, unless Congress can get up the nerve, the will and the votes to slash the military budget and keep it slashed, while simultaneously spending on domestic programs, and curbing Mr. Nixon's impounding habits.

Another danger is that of letting the military get a real handle on aid/reconstruction in the North. The Corps of Engineers, for one, would not object to promoting some good works up there, but the North Vietnamese will probably block any such ventures. They will be wary of any arrangements that might make them dependent on us for technicians, spare parts, etc. They have only to look across the world at Cuba, where the United States was the principal supplier of the Batista regime and has withheld replacements from Castro ever since.

A wryly amusing sidelight on the Indochinese aid question is the insistence on the necessity to compel the North to keep the peace by slipping it aid in measured amounts and immediately cutting it off if they interfere with postwar Vietnamization. Peace is in the interest of the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong. They want aid, but after the hammering they have taken their need is for peace above all. Thieu is in the opposite case. If real peace broke out, he would be lost, and he has made little secret of his intent to block any political settlement.

In brief, it is not simply a question of funds and where they are to come from. The peace movement, and in particular its representation in Congress, must make sure that we refrain from enforcing our will by air power, or naval power, or economic power coupled with military power and the threat to use it on Thieu's behalf. Second, we must be sure that aid/reconstruction is handled in a way that will further whatever chances for a political settlement are now on the horizon, or may emerge later. The seeds of a third Indochina war exist in the region and the need for Congressional vigilance is greater than ever.

ARMENIA & GEORGIA

THE NOT-SO-SOVIET REPUBLICS

CARL GOLDBERG
Mr. Goldberg, now living in Hamburg, West Germany, is completing his Ph.D. dissertation in Russian history for the University of Michigan. He is the translator of Paul Miliukov's Political Memoirs, 1905-1917 *(University of Michigan Press).*

"The train is now departing for the Soviet Union," blares the loudspeaker at the Tbilisi railroad station to announce the departure of the train for Moscow. So goes the Soviet joke, told good-humoredly by Georgians and Russians alike to indicate the distinctiveness of Georgia within the Soviet Union.

Even with such advance warning, my wife and I were surprised by the degree of Georgian and Armenian national pride that we felt during our stay in those two Soviet republics. It should be stressed, however, that this Georgian and Armenian nationalism, in contrast to that of the Baltic areas, is neither anti-Russian nor anti-Soviet. Rather, it is pro-Georgian and pro-Armenian.

One of the first things that struck us in Georgia and Armenia was the prevalence of the native languages, spoken and printed, over Russian. Almost all the people speak some Russian, of course, but a surprising number of them speak it poorly, some scarcely at all. I once wanted to use the phone in a store in a town not far from Erevan, but the saleswoman showed no sign of understanding my Russian, and an Armenian friend had to interpret in Armenian.

It is perhaps natural enough. Both peoples are proud of their ancient, recorded national histories, which in the case of the Armenians reaches back 2,700 years. Each has a highly developed national literature, theatre, music, architecture, cuisine and way of life. Although the Armenians tend to be less boisterous and more serious than the Georgians, both peoples display southern temperaments and believe firmly that life is to be enjoyed.

We were taken aback by the realization that Georgian nationalism also expresses itself in a profound and widespread respect for Stalin (and detestation of Khrushchev). With one exception to be mentioned below, his portrait is not available on the open market; nevertheless, one sees photographs and paintings of Stalin hung prominently in little shoemakers' booths as well as in some large stores, hotel offices and other institutions. In Tbilisi, one of the large river quais and several factories bear Stalin's name; the huge park of culture and rest overlooking the city is also named for him. Stalin's statue is gone from its pedestal, but only, the Georgians hope, until they can talk Moscow into letting them put it up again. "They'll soon become reasonable about Stalin's merits," a middle-aged Georgian predicted.

If a partial dismantling of the old personality cult has

ETS LIBRARY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been accomplished, though with difficulty, in Tbilisi, it has scarcely made a dent in Stalin's hometown of Gori. The first thing a visitor to Gori notices as he steps from the train is a large oil portrait of Stalin over the entrance. The main avenue is Stalin Boulevard, on which stands the regional party government headquarters with a giant statue of Stalin looming in front. Further down Stalin Boulevard is the Stalin Museum, in part of which is enshrined the cottage where he is said to have lived as a child. The rest of the museum, frequently visited by groups of schoolchildren, displays photographs, paintings, pamphlets, relics, gifts to Stalin and much elaborate folk art, including tapestries, wood carvings, metalwork and porcelain—all bearing inscriptions to or portraits of Stalin. A large bookstore on Stalin Boulevard sells huge, newly painted, framed oil portraits of Stalin for about 200 rubles. When we inquired of some residents, including a well-placed construction executive, how it happened that monuments to Stalin still stand in Gori, when they have been removed everywhere else, they answered that Moscow would not dare take them down for fear of a local revolt if they did.

None of the above is meant to imply that the Georgians condone the violations of humanity and Soviet law that were committed in Stalin's name. The Georgians are not Stalinist in political terms, but Stalin was a Georgian, a national hero, a local boy who made it to the very top and guided the Soviet Union through its most trying period for more than a quarter of a century. Khrushchev's attempt to turn Stalin into an un-person is deeply resented by the Georgians.

Russians told us that the Georgians (with the exception of those who suffered in the purges) are fond of Stalin for another reason, because he deliberately gave them an easier time than other Soviet nationalities experienced. It is not clear precisely what advantages Stalin gave his own people, but presumably they were both material and political. At any rate, the widespread popular respect for Stalin is apparent everywhere in Georgia today.

The Armenians, on the other hand, are approximately neutral toward Stalin; that is, they recognize both his great leadership and his great "errors." We saw no public or private pictures of Stalin in Armenia, no streets or parks named for him. Nevertheless, we were told that when Khrushchev ordered all of the statues to be taken down, the Erevan government and party balked, and the colossal figure of Stalin overlooking the city was hauled away one night by a helicopter crew from Moscow. The Armenian hero—on a vastly smaller scale to be sure—is Mikoyan, whose photograph one sometimes sees in public.

Georgia and Armenia stand apart from much of the Soviet Union also on the perennial "Jewish question." In contrast to certain other nationalities and cultures, neither the Georgians nor the Armenians have a centuries-old history of anti-Semitism. The Georgian Jewish community, ancient, religious and close-knit, numbers about 50,000, or did until recently, because they are leaving now, almost all of them. Jews to whom we spoke around the large and active Tbilisi synagogue had either already received permission to emigrate or intended to apply soon. We met one young man as he was having four chickens ritually slaughtered for his farewell feast that evening; he was leaving with his family for Israel in the morning. He and others with whom we talked were sure that in a few years the Jewish community will have vanished from Georgia. Why this mass exodus? Anti-Jewish discrimination? No, they answered. Economic reasons? Hardly; the Georgian Jews are prospering along with the rest of the Georgians. Popular dislike of Jews? Not at all; Jews and other Georgians get along fine together. A non-Jewish store manager told us that he and his colleagues considered Jews to be the most reliable and trustworthy people to work with. Other Georgians we talked to were truly sorry, even a little hurt, to see their Jewish friends leave. And they were completely bewildered as to why the Georgian Jews should want to leave. Why, then, are you leaving? we asked. "Israel is our homeland," they explained. "We are going *back* to our homeland."

In Armenia there is no Jewish community. Referring to the commercial-economic role so often played by Jews in history, the Armenians like to quip that where there are Armenians, Jews are superfluous. The Armenians' attitude toward Jews surely must be unique: they feel a genuine affinity, admiration and respect for the Jewish people. Among the historical reasons for this attitude are the Armenians' own ancient history and culture which reach back into Biblical times; the various close contacts which Armenians today believe occurred between Jews and Armenians more than 2,000 years ago; the fact that Armenians as a nation are, like the Jews, in a state of Diaspora. Also like the Jews, the Armenians have experienced persecution and even genocide in the 20th century. Most surprising, in view of the Soviet Union's unmitigated official support for the Arabs, were the strong sympathies which Armenians—party members as well as nonparty members, devoted Communists as well as apolitical wheeler-dealers—voluntarily expressed for Israel. These views may be assumed to be widespread and sincere because they were offered to us spontaneously and independently by various people who knew nothing of my background or of my attitude toward Israel.

As elsewhere in the USSR (and in the world, for that matter) adherence to religion is diminishing rapidly in Georgia and Armenia, too. However, the Orthodox Church in Georgia, and Armenian Catholicism in Armenia have become inseparable from the respective *national* cultures. Thus nonbelievers—and that includes the vast majority of people under 50—and even Communists may still feel an affinity for the national church, not because it is a church but because it is national. They may even observe certain church rituals, such as weddings, baptisms and Easter. Likely as not, the nonbelievers of today's Georgia and Armenia grew up in homes where either the parents or the grandparents took religion seriously, and where they consequently acquired an emotional attachment to the beautiful ceremonies and joyous celebrations. My wife and I heard the choir at a crowded, festive Sunday mass in the great cathedral of Echmiadzin, which is for Armenian Catholicism what the Vatican is for the Roman Church. We were surely not the only atheists in that congregation who were enraptured by the magnificence and solemnity of the service.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Low, New York Times

Georgia and Armenia (especially the latter) are studded with architectural masterpieces, some of them dating back two millennia. As elsewhere in Russia, the government is investing huge sums of money and painstaking labor to restore and preserve these monuments of civilization.

A group of Armenian-American tourists whom we met up with in Erevan expressed surprise at how well the Soviet Armenians are now living—both materially and culturally—compared to how they were living fifty years ago and compared to how the Armenians they had visited in neighboring Turkey live today.

The Armenians and Georgians have done exceedingly well for themselves within the Soviet framework. Indeed, by Soviet standards, they may have done a little too well. With cultures more akin to Italy than to Moscow, both peoples give the impression of knowing better than the Russians how to live. For example, to anyone accustomed to the general paucity of private cars in the USSR, Tbilisi looks almost like a large Western city. There are probably as many private cars in Tbilisi as there are in Moscow, which is about eight times its size. A new automobile atlas of the Soviet Union was selling like hot cakes when we were in Tbilisi, and a native told us proudly that the traditional criteria of the good life have been altered by the Georgians to "wine, women and automobiles." The Georgian males (women's liberation would face a challenge in male chauvinist Georgia!) spend a great deal of time and money on all three. Wining and dining is practiced frequently and festively, often in expensive restaurants. Not only do the best wines flow freely during the interminable toast-making but also champagne (in Georgia) and cognac (in Armenia). Armenians rarely drink vodka; instead, they drink their national brandy, which costs about four times as much, or nearly one-sixth of an average monthly wage for a half-liter bottle!

Transcaucasian hospitality is even more lavish and extravagant than Russian hospitality. My wife and I were wined and dined by nearly total strangers, in their homes and in the best restaurants. It is not uncommon for a host and three or four guests to run up a restaurant bill of nearly 100 rubles. That is approximately the average monthly wage.

People are dressing more fashionably all over the USSR these days, but Tbilisi appears to be in the lead with stylish, Western-looking and often Western-produced clothes. American-style blue jeans—selling for about 35 rubles on the black market—are a particularly hot item, having become a status symbol among children and adolescents.

My wife and I were assured on several occasions that not only fancy clothes but almost anything else can be bought, provided one has the right connections and enough money. Armenians and Georgians are masters of the art of cultivating both connections and money. Hotels may be booked up solid for the ordinary mortal, but the well-connected can get a room in the best of them at any time. They can get spare parts for their cars; they can get construction materials for their houses. The following example is small, but indicative. Travelers to the USSR know that a much enjoyed little gift is a pack of Wilkinson razor blades; accordingly, I came well-stocked with them. Generally speaking, they were well received, but in Georgia one of my swinging hosts offered me a pack.

Unfortunately, the Transcaucasian black market deals in goods and services far more serious than blue jeans and razor blades. We were given to understand that it extends also to buying admission into universities and institutes, and buying diplomas from the same. (Not surprisingly, these diplomas command little respect in the academic circles of Moscow, Leningrad or Kiev.) Also purchasable on the black market are medical services. Of course, ordinary medical treatment is free, but if a patient thinks he requires private treatment, he must pay, sometimes more than a month's salary. Everything, apparently, has a price, usually a high one; and people are able and willing to pay it.

Money is treated as though it were available in almost unlimited quantities. It is common, for example, when selling or buying in the local markets or restaurants, neither to give nor to expect change. Small change is not considered worth trifling over. And, if you tip somebody for performing a service, the tip had better be big or it may not be accepted. We stared wide-eyed as a young Georgian friend slipped a taxi driver 2 rubles for a 30-kopeck ride. Also indicative of the attitude toward money is the practice, when running up a huge restaurant bill, never to let the guests see any money being transferred. The host discreetly disappears for a moment after the meal, and the matter is settled elegantly, out of sight. Or

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to be still more refined, the host settles with the restaurant before the meal begins, probably for one large round sum, and all the guests ever know is that food and drink are continually and handsomely served in abundance. In this part of the world, money is not something to be counted, saved, spent carefully; it is the means to enjoy life in the present. This is an attitude that the Russians, not to mention thrifty Westerners raised on the Protestant ethic, have a hard time accepting.

The Armenians concede that the Georgians are the real masters of high living, but claim that they are catching up. Both groups tend to look down on the Russians for being strait-laced, theoretical, serious. The obvious question is, how do they do it? Where does the money come from? Certainly not from salaries and wages. There is a popular joke in the area:

> *Question*: Is it possible for a person to live on just his salary?
> *Answer*: I don't know. I've never tried.

One high-living Armenian whose wife does not work (that is relatively common in Transcaucasia), who supports a family of three children, who drives his own car, who lives in a private house and who recently took a vacation trip abroad (which must have cost him a year's salary) admitted frankly that his salary, about 200 rubles per month, does not cover his restaurant expenses!

As well as I can figure out, the system works as follows: the first source of nonsalary income derives from the climate—perpetually warm and sunny. Thus fruits, vegetables and flowers grow in abundance, with relatively little effort on the part of the grower. Small private plots and gardens give bounteous yields, and these command high prices in the north, especially in Moscow and Leningrad. Indeed, prices are so high relative to costs that the grower can travel by air to either city with a few suitcases of produce, pay for lodgings there, and make a handsome profit. Georgians and Armenians selling fruits, vegetables and flowers are a familiar sight at the busy intersections and railroad stations of Moscow and Leningrad. Such income is perfectly legal and nontaxable.

Also legal and a gift of the climate is the renting of rooms to the tourists who flock down from the north. Many of them require only the simplest accommodations, and since hotels may be either too expensive or booked up, the Russian tourist, especially if he is traveling with his family, will gladly shell out a few rubles per night for a place to stay. For the owner, this can mean a few hundred extra rubles in the holiday season.

Russian vacationists, like vacationists everywhere, want to have a good time, and they don't want to count kopecks. They bring their carefully saved earnings with them and are prepared to spend them. The Georgians (primarily the Georgians because of the tourist centers on the beautiful Black Sea coast) are more than happy to take what they can get by kiting prices in the local markets and fiddling restaurant bills. What head of a family on vacation will take the trouble and risk the embarrassment of demanding an itemized restaurant bill (which would no doubt be written in incomprehensible Georgian)? As a result, the tourists are regularly fleeced, overpaying by 25 to 100 per cent. These sharp practices, needless to say, are illegal, but no one is either willing or able to do anything about them.

Another source of side income, though frowned upon, is tolerated because of the housing shortage. A number of city residents live in their own houses (as opposed to apartments) and, instead of using the whole garden plot for vegetables, put up small structures. The home owner is free to rent out this extra space, usually to newcomers from the countryside who want to work in the city and who might have to wait for years to get into state housing. Privately owned one-room shacks rent for about 40 rubles per month, approximately half the tenant's salary. We know of one landlord who has three such shacks on his property; they bring him an unearned income of 120 rubles per month, somewhat more than the average wage. Presumably, as more state housing is built, this practice will disappear. It should be remembered, however, that the tenants who pay such exorbitant rents for the shacks may still have their private plots in the country, from which they derive a side income on the sale of fruits, vegetables and flowers.

Another source of additional income, very common not only in Transcaucasia but all over the USSR, exists only because of the lopsided demand/supply ratio for consumer goods. It often happens that a store manager receives a shipment of scarce goods—for example, high-quality imported ladies' underwear. He would have to be an honest fool to put them out on the counter at state-fixed prices on a first-come, first-served basis. Instead, such goods are generally sold to individually notified friends and acquaintances, at far above stipulated prices. The manager and the employees of the store pocket the difference.

The most nebulous source of extra income is corruption. The Georgians and Armenians seem to engage in it more than do others; in fact, they have nicknamed the Russians "Zakon Ivanovich," which could be translated, "Law-abiding Ivan." One young Georgian boasted to us: "We do even better for ourselves in Moscow than in Tbilisi because the competition there is less."

Corruption may start at the bottom, when bus drivers or conductors pocket the money from generous passengers (most Georgians and Armenians are generous by nature) who pay for but deliberately refuse to take their tickets. Traffic policemen are bribed consistently. The sale of university admissions, diplomas and high-quality medical service has already been mentioned. A still more enterprising form of corruption is the large-scale underground production and distribution network whereby raw materials are stolen from the state and labor is hired illegally to produce consumer goods which are then sold illegally, often in state stores, to make profits for everyone concerned. Sometimes, many millions of rubles and hundreds of people including menial workers, skilled craftsmen, store managers, party members and high officials are involved in these operations. According to Soviet press reports and Western correspondents, the authorities in Moscow have been cracking down on these underground "enterprises," but with limited success. Too many people are involved—party members and nonparty members alike—and they protect one another. A well-to-do Armenian explained to us: "Soviet power doesn't reach

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this far. We do what we want to down here." That is obviously an exaggeration, but there is in it a lucrative grain of truth.

Thus, at the basis of Transcaucasian prosperity there appears to be a net transfer of money from the pockets of the citizens of the other Soviet republics—primarily from the Russian republic—to the pockets of the citizens of Georgia and Armenia. Once the money has been transferred via fruits, vegetables, flowers, tourists and state funds, the Georgians and Armenians, as we have seen, find a variety of ways to "redistribute" it among themselves. This network of "underground capitalism" and corruption has produced a well-heeled class of entrepreneurs, merchants, managers and executives who have all the self-confidence and swagger of self-made Western businessmen. Apparently thoroughly contented with the Soviet system, they boastfully refer to themselves (and some of them are party members!) as "Red capitalists."

For people like my wife and me, raised on the Western cold-war image of a Russified, monolithic Soviet Union, these two weeks in Georgia and Armenia were enlightening, sobering and eminently enjoyable. □

THE ATTICA SYSTEM

YOU CAN'T REFORM THE BASTILLE

DAVID J. ROTHMAN
Mr. Rothman, professor of history at Columbia University, is the author of The Discovery of the Asylum *(Little, Brown).*

The grand jury that has been sitting on the Attica events these past eighteen months finally this winter handed down its first indictments. It named sixty individuals—all of them inmates. Despite the fact that ten hostages, as well as twenty-nine prisoners, died from the state's gunfire, the grand jury has not yet found sufficient cause to indict a single trooper or guard. No one familiar with the McKay Commission's brilliant report on Attica (now available in paperback: Bantam Books) should be surprised by this latest turn of events. The grand jury's action fits all too well into this bizarre and astonishing story.

It is the stuff of morbid fairy tales. The witch's castle, ringed by a moat and guarded by a serpent of the deep, allows no escape. Then one day the prisoners stumble upon a secret tunnel, crawl through and are free. In 1929, the state of New York, sparing no expense, set out to build a model maximum security prison. All observers, including the then Governor, Franklin Roosevelt, believed it had succeeded. Attica emerged as the last word in a modern bastille, immune to riot and escape. The outside walls, at a cost of $1.25 million, stretched 30 feet high and went down into the earth another 12. The interior was built in a spoke design, so that disorder in one section could not spread to another. Four wings radiated from the hub ("Times Square"), and four gates at this crucial juncture sealed off each of the cell blocks. An expensive but flawless system—or so it appeared. For as the McKay Commission discovered, one of the four gates had proved difficult to install. The rod that attached Gate A to the ceiling broke when the workmen were putting it up. To correct the mishap, they called in a welder, who joined the two parts of the rod. But he made a faulty weld, and just one-sixteenth of an inch of metal held the rod together. On this sliver of metal hung a gate that was at the heart of the prison's security design. For forty years the flaw went undetected, as layer after layer of paint covered it over. Until one day, in September 1971, when a group of angry inmates shook the gate, it collapsed. The inmates poured into "Times Square," seized from the guards the keys to the three other gates and spread out through the prison. For a few days, in a fantasy of their own, they ruled the castle.

The power of the McKay Commission Report lies in this point by point, detail by detail, exposure of the illusions that are endemic to our system of incarceration. Only by meticulous documentation, exemplified in the autopsy on the fallen gate, could such an account expose the levels of unreality that govern the inmates' existence, the guards' behavior and, indeed, our expectations of the system. It compels us to suspend belief, to take nothing for granted. Then we are ready to enter and to understand the never-never world of a prison.

Let us begin with something commonplace: health care in Attica before the uprising. The institution does contain medical facilities, and two doctors serve on the staff, each receiving, for half-time work, $30,000 a year. But the resemblance to the real world ends there. Inmates who wish medical attention go on sick call; they report to a room divided by a counter, which is topped by a mesh screen running to the ceiling. The prisoner stands on one side, the doctor on the other. The doctor asks about the complaint, gives whatever medication he believes appropriate, and sends his patient back to work or to his cell. The doctor almost never examines an inmate, and the rare exceptions last but a few seconds. That is medicine at Attica.

Many people imagine prisons to be places of hard labor, where if inmates do not learn skills, they at least keep busy. At Attica, the report makes clear, idleness is the rule. Inmates generally spend fourteen to sixteen hours a day locked in their cells. Five to six hours a day are devoted to work or school, but even that time is interrupted by visitors, or calls to shower, commissary trips, or parole interviews. Worse yet, most Attica inmates perform, in official language, institutional maintenance tasks; to translate, the McKay Commission found that "men swept and mopped the same already clean section of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

floor several times a day." So work too is make-believe, and an acute lethargy quickly falls over most inmates.

Senseless arrangements are found everywhere in a prison. The visiting room: a big horseshoe table with seats on either side, a large-mesh screen running down the middle. Before entering and after leaving, inmates are strip-searched, from mouth to rectum to toes. But prisoners are not allowed to embrace their visitors and as they talk, two guards, perched on a platform, oversee the room. But why strip-search if no embracing is permitted? Why a mesh screen when guards supervise, when embracing is forbidden, when inmates are searched? Why a large-mesh screen if officials are, as they claim, concerned about drugs? Why is there no mesh screen in the visiting room of the segregation unit, so that only the most troublesome inmates enjoy an open table? Illogical? Absurd? But absurdity seems to be the point.

The library: before the uprising, browsing was forbidden. Instead, the inmate was shown a typed catalogue sheet from which to select three books and one periodical per week, the rules requiring him to list no less than thirty books or publications in order of preference on the request form. For more than 2,000 inmates, the library kept one copy of *Time*, *Life*, *Ebony*, *American Home* and *House Beautiful*. Those who could buy their own materials learned that books could be obtained only from the publisher (otherwise contraband might be smuggled in), and that everything must pass the censor's eyes. The prison's director of education handles that task. As he told the commission: "If while reading the first few pages, I come upon something objectionable, I would read no further." He never approves books on chemistry, physics or psychology, lest inmates become bomb makers or amateur psychologists. And of course, nothing on the order of *Playboy*, or the *Amsterdam News*, or *Black Scholar* could enter Attica.

Letters, too, are censored. Before the uprising, Spanish-speaking inmates, whatever their language ability, could correspond only in English. Prison officials would not recognize common-law wives, or the children of such marriages, as authorized correspondents, let alone as authorized visitors. They censored every inmate letter, applying such principles as: "It contains . . . prison news"; or, "You did not stick to your subject"; or, "Begging for packages or money not allowed." We did not need the McKay Commission to tell us that prisons were nasty places. But we did need it to teach us that they were irrational, mad places.

The administration of prison discipline is no less arbitrary than the rules themselves. Some guards enforce the most petty regulations (no gum-chewing, stand erect at body count), others ignore them. But since guards rotate through the cell blocks rather than serving regularly on any one of them, inmates have no time to adapt to personal styles. Instead, they find themselves marked down one day for a violation that had been ignored the day before. More serious infractions, fighting with another inmate or insolence to a guard, bring the inmate to a hearing. But he has no chance to confront his accusers, to call witnesses, to cross-examine guards. Punishments can deprive him of the few amenities of prison life, television or commissary privileges, making him the more frustrated and angry. Not only is rehabilitation alien to such a setting—elementary standards of fairness cannot survive.

Another fiction of our criminal justice system is that judges determine how long a man shall be imprisoned. In fact, the parole board decides. New York judges fix only the maximum term for felons (say, twenty years); the board sets the actual time of release (say, three years). And the parole board bows to no one in its idiosyncracies. In 1971, among this group of twelve, no member was less than 49 years old; two were black, one was Puerto Rican. They meet in teams of three at the state prisons to decide cases, devoting on the average six minutes to each. In that time they "read" a 150-page folder, question the inmate, discuss the case among themselves, and reach a decision. For the inmate, the parole hearing consists of walking into a room, seeing two commissioners reading folders (those of the men next in line), answering questions from the third for two or three minutes, mostly about the nature of the original crime, and then leaving. He learns the decision next day, after the board has left the institution; and the verdict comes without explanation. To prisoners, and to most other observers as well, parole procedures and results seem at best capricious, at worst corrupt. Some inmates with lesser crimes and good institutional records are denied early parole; others, with serious offenses and many disciplinary infractions, are released. Predictably, the McKay Commission finds parole to be a primary source of tension within the prison. In no other area of decision making in our society does a board reach such critical findings on such flimsy grounds.

Even as the prison extends into the community, through the regulations governing the lives of parolees, it retains its frivolous and fitful quality. A parolee cannot, without his officer's approval, own or drive a car, or leave the state, or marry, or live with a woman who is not his wife, or associate with ex-inmates. In effect, any employer who hired one former prisoner could not hire another—at least that was so until a 1972 Supreme Court decision disapproved of this, on the ground that parole regulations could not have intended such a foolish prohibition. The Court decided wisely—even if it overestimated the rationality of parole rules.

This context of what was normal to Attica before the uprising is good preparation for the events of September 1971. The air of unreality that hung over the prison during the turmoil was but an extension of the unreality that suffused it daily.

Perhaps the easiest part of the McKay Commission investigation was that into the origins of the uprising. Dismissing quickly the notion that the takeover was conspiratorial and carefully plotted, the commission properly focuses on the changing nature of the prison population. Younger, more politically minded prisoners, mostly black, who felt a deep racial pride along with an acute alienation from American society, were unwilling to accept with traditional inmate passivity the harassment, racial discrimination and irrationalities of life in Attica. The incident that sparked the uprising was commonplace—two men

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had been taken from their cells to be disciplined—but then one fortuitous event followed another. Gate A, to the astonishment of guards and prisoners, collapsed. Next, in this modern bastille, officials lost track of what was happening because of an antiquated telephone system. With information not flowing from one end of the 55 acres to the other, massive confusion and ignorance prevented a rapid or efficient response. In short order, the inmates controlled a good part of the prison, as well as the lives of forty-three hostages.

The second stage in the uprising, the negotiation period, was as unreal as the takeover. Anyone who in the 1960s had taken part in the bargaining between students occupying buildings and university administrators, would have feared from the outset that the talks could not succeed. Any group, whether students or prisoners, holding buildings, or men, gets caught up in its own dynamic, making compromise very difficult, if not impossible. No one can be the first to break the solidarity, to face the accusation that he is acceding to the threats of authority. The mediators, whether faculty members or newspapermen and legislators, are invariably trapped in a cross fire of distrust, with the officials convinced that they are meddling and the strikers or inmates certain that they are powerless. For their part, the authorities are always worried about constituents—the men who sit in the capital or on the board of trustees who are more important to them than those in the yards or buildings. Whether the stakes are D Yard or Hamilton Hall, men's lives or a president's furniture, negotiations come to nought.

What remains unusual about Attica was the inmates' ability to bring in observers, to postpone the counterattack for a few days, to get the state to go through the charade of negotiation. Russell Oswald, the commissioner of corrections, held back from force of arms, not only because so many hostages were involved but because he too shared a sense of the bankruptcy of prison conditions. For him, as for the inmates, incarceration had lost some of its legitimacy. The prisoners' demands were, on the whole, so sane and sensible that negotiation could perhaps work.

Two incidents give the flavor of the failure. Herman Schwartz, professor of law at the University of Buffalo [see "The Seeds of Repression" by Herman Schwartz, *The Nation*, August 3, 1970], one of the first attorneys to organize litigation on behalf of Attica inmates, quickly entered the negotiations. After visiting the inmates, he agreed to obtain for them a federal injunction against administrative reprisals. He went up to Vermont and got the appropriate federal judge, John Curtin, who was attending a conference, to sign the injunction; he brought it back immediately to Attica. The prisoners, however, rejected it out of hand: the document had no seal—Curtin had not taken his with him to Vermont. Schwartz

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tried to explain that this detail was irrelevant, but prisoners, who had been informed countless times by the courts that their writs were unacceptable because of some technicality, would not listen. It would take several hours to get the seal, and by then positions had become that much more frozen, negotiations that much more impossible. And then Governor Rockefeller, the man who might have broken the deadlock, perceived the uprising as a fundamental challenge to the authority of the state, and refused to come to Attica. The commission strongly criticizes his decision. Perhaps Rockefeller's presence would not have ended the crisis without bloodshed, but he should have made the attempt.

The final stage, the state's assault and retaking of the prison, surpassed the others in negligence and incompetence. Again we are in debt to the McKay Report. Except for the diligence of its authors, many details would have remained hidden, and those that did leak out would have been dismissed as too fantastic to be believed.

Although negotiations lasted for several days, giving the state ample time to plan an assault, officials failed to coordinate a command, to select the appropriate ammunition, to prepare adequate medical care or efficient evacuation techniques. Some arrangements fell to the local state police commander—his chief saw no reason to be present and took his usual Monday off. Two hours before the attack began, a vague division of responsibility was drawn up between the state police and the corrections staff, but it clarified nothing. Terrible mistakes occurred of commission and omission. The prison guards were ordered not to take part in the assault, but in fact they did. There was no restriction on the troops' use of fire power, either through prearranged command signals, or through a careful accounting of ammunition distributed, or through video-tape monitoring. No one even thought to check the type of ammunition used. Many troopers fired "00" buckshot—a type of pellet that is lethal and scatters widely. When the shooting stopped and 120 hostages and inmates lay dead or wounded, only two doctors were inside the walls. An activated National Guard unit, trained in evacuation procedures, had not yet reached the prison. Doctors from local hospitals had not been requested to come to Attica.

At the root of this thoughtlessness was the fact that the state counted the hostages as dead once it decided to retake the facility by force. Unable to conceive of the inmates as anything but ruthless animals, officials assumed that the hostages would be murdered at the first moment of the onslaught. Hence they did not worry about the ammunition, or medical care, or accountability —they were not rescuing hostages but attacking murderers. This mentality, unable to distinguish stereotypes from reality, led men to report seeing hostages' bodies castrated and otherwise mutilated. And this mentality, in a final touch of madness, led to the death of ten hostages, not at the hands of the inmates but at the hands of the state.

The McKay Commission's mandate was narrow—to re-create the events around the Attica uprising—and it fulfilled its charge well. The document is a classic of historical re-creation, a model of investigatory reporting, a genuinely humanistic statement. Understandably, but regrettably, it does not go beyond the event. Explicit in the report is a call for specific changes at Attica—remove the screens, improve due process—but it offers no general perspective on prison reform, no set of standards to be achieved, no sense of the direction that major ameliorative efforts should take. The commission leaves this task to others.

Some changes have, in fact, occurred at Attica since September 1971. Close to the anniversary of the uprising, Commissioner Oswald issued a 9-page report, "Since Attica: The Past Year of Penal Reform." "Much has been done," he tells us. "Undeniably, far more remains to be done." Oswald then lists the accomplishments. Better food is served, inmates are now eligible for leaves of absence for medical care not available within the institution, more than eighty black and Puerto Rican correction officers have been hired, inmates can now write uncensored letters to their attorneys and public officials, they can now receive mail on a less restrictive basis. At two institutions (but not at Attica), inmates are allowed a three-minute unmonitored telephone call with a close family member. The screens in the visiting room are down, new books have been added to the library, minority group chaplains have joined the staff, the dietary practices of religious groups are considered in preparing meals. Prisoners spend less time in their cells and more in recreation; more diversified minimum security facilities are being built; community correction centers are being established.

Some of the irrational practices that the McKay Commission found at Attica are being modified. It is not unimportant that husbands can now embrace wives at a visit, that Spanish-speaking inmates can receive letters in their native tongue, that the screen separating doctor from patient has been removed. But except for the report, anyone might have been startled to learn that Oswald's innovations had not always been minimal decencies, that only after the uprising were inmates allowed to get necessary medical care at a community facility, to read a wider variety of literature. These changes seem so overdue that when Oswald says much has been done, one can only despair at how much further reform must go.

If it took the most deadly prison uprising in American history to accomplish these minimums, how long will it be before due process becomes part of prison discipline in New York? When will inmates no longer be accused, tried, defended, sentenced, and punished by the same body, with no right of appeal? How long will it be before parole procedures are brought under the rule of law, affording inmates full protections and forcing boards to become accountable? When will parole regulations become less absurd, so that parolees do not suffer senseless disqualifications? And when will prisoners have the chance to work at decent jobs and receive decent wages?

Perhaps the most that can be said for the impact of the Attica uprising and the appearance of the report is that the irrationalities of prison life are now known to a wider segment of citizens. The cloak has been lifted and that is something: publicity, general awareness and concern are necessary to useful change. Many absurd and petty regu-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lations flourish only because they are hidden. Sometimes it is enough just to ask why—and of its own weight the rule collapses.

It is therefore important that nine commission members, many of whom had never before been inside a prison, now know Attica. And they not only recount their experiences to diverse audiences but often innovate programs themselves; for example, facilitating employment for ex-felons. In the context of Attica, many judges have taken a new look at prison conditions. Over the past six years, courts have steadily abandoned their traditional "hands-off" doctrine, and become willing to intervene in internal prison matters. Attica has speeded this shift. At a recent seminar on sentencing, held for federal judges, the first guest speaker was Russell Oswald; the second, Arthur Liman, general counsel for the McKay Commission and the person probably most responsible for the quality of its report. Oswald spoke so defensively that one sensed immediately the effect of the Attica events. He urged the judges not to meddle in his bailiwick but his arguments were too lame to be persuasive. He told them that criminals were dangerous men, that the guards were becoming angry, that their wives were writing irate letters to the press. He inveighed against "instant experts" on prison life (the commission?), and complained that do-good lawyers stood ready to represent prison inmates but not prison staff. He warned the judges that troublesome prisoners were revolutionaries, that the attack on prisons was the first step in a broader assault on society. The "red scare," it would seem, ought to rally us behind the institutions; controversy should stop at the wall's edge. And do not take the complaints of ex-inmates seriously, Oswald insisted. After all, they had never met a prison payroll, or sorted the mail, or fed 1,500 persons. We can do better, he concluded. But we must not let the wheel of progress run away with us.

For his part, Liman passionately recounted the commission's findings, urging the judges to inspect the prisons and learn of their conditions, to become, in essence, penologists. And that audience, responsible not only for sentencing offenders but for deciding how far constitutional rights follow men into prison, could not fail to come away with a new sense of urgency about the issue. Many of them will look even more intensively for an alternative to a prison sentence for some offender. They will look still more carefully at the argument that solitary confinement is a cruel and unusual punishment and thus unconstitutional.

The press too has had an education. In the past year and a half, prison reporting has improved dramatically. It no longer takes a riot to get a prison story on the front page. We are steadily learning more about what goes on in Trenton, N.J., as well as in Parchman, Miss. Parole procedures, ignored for years, are now a subject for discussion. The press is even fighting prison censorship. *The Washington Post,* for example, is suing for the right to interview inmates. These details add up to an important achievement: the barrier of prison walls is coming down.

But such considerations ultimately offer little ground for satisfaction, optimism or complacency. These skirmishes are on the fringe of the crucial policy questions about incarceration, not at the core. I do not say that to minimize the importance of improving the daily lot of the inmate, for his sake as well as our own. But total preoccupation with the fate of those now incarcerated can trap us in tinkering, in patchwork solutions, in busily piecing together a crumbling institution. Never before in our long history of confinement has a basic attack been aimed at the very principles of incarceration. Earlier, the discovery of abuses invariably led to a call for bigger institutions and better personnel. Now the sense of outrage is directed at the institution itself.

Theory as well as experience have combined to demonstrate the system's inherent deficiencies. An impressive literature, ranging from Erving Goffman's *Asylums* to a host of specific sociological studies, points to an intrinsic institutional failure that will not be alleviated or eradicated by installing more comfortable cells or integrated guards. It explains how even a benign institutional setting, since it makes all decisions for the inmate, in effect swaddles him, encouraging regression and making him less fit than ever to function in the community. The stigma of institutionalization also imposes both gross and subtle disqualifications, making adjustment after release that much more difficult. Moreover, no prison program that has been established to date, from vocational guidance to group therapy, has influenced rates of recidivism. Inmates who meet with social workers fare no better than those who do not; prisoners who improve their educational competence fare no better than those who do not. In short, procedures labeled therapeutic make no difference at all. Prisons have as much likelihood of doing good as totems have of preventing disease.

Hence the Attica report must serve as a point for turning away from reliance upon custodial institutions. The task is not as far-fetched or utopian as some might

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

think. Indeed, there are already some impressive accomplishments. One must be careful, it is true, not to fall into the "100 per cent" fallacy. All too often critics respond to the notion of phasing out the prisons by describing the nightmare cases, the three-time rapist or murderer. Anyone can imagine someone who must be incarcerated, but that is no reason to legitimate *all* incarceration. The issue should be to discover how many persons now inside can be let out, without worrying yet about the hard core. Probably 50 to 70 per cent of inmates in state prisons could safely be returned to the community.

Emancipation from prison must also be accompanied by coordinating strategies. Some measures might conceivably heighten community risks—although predictions of danger are so exaggerated in our criminal justice system that the changes would probably have surprisingly mild "side effects." The public, however, must be reassured, and meaningfully so. Benefits must counterbalance losses —if probation is expanded, federal crime insurance programs ought to be also. Finally, it is useful to remember that incarceration is incredibly expensive. It costs $10,000 a year to confine one youngster in a New York State training school, often half that amount for an adult. More than ample room for innovation exists without increasing expenditures.

What should be the agenda for phasing out the prisons? Although public policy thinking has only begun, the range of programs includes:

¶A drastic reduction in sentence length; our courts hand out sentences two or three times as long as those in other industrialized countries. Reduction would have little effect on the retributive or deterrent qualities of criminal justice.

¶A great increase in the use of probation, with a willingness to tolerate many more failures than we do now. Scandinavians use probation four or five times before resorting to incarceration.

¶An end to discretionary parole; reduced sentences should obviate the need for parole boards.

¶The classification as "noncrimes" of many acts now punished by prison sentences—especially victimless crimes, such as drug use, drunkenness and the sexual practices of consenting adults.

¶Pilot programs for the free distribution of heroin. Although there are risks (from "race suicide" to contagion), carefully controlled experimental ventures could evaluate them. The benefits appear considerable: a reduction of drug-related deaths, a decline in street crimes, a decrease by at least one-third in the present prison population.

¶Improved enforcement procedures. Our criminal justice system relies now upon the symbolic and harsh punishment of a few offenders, rather than on wider enforcement with lower penalties. The most effective deterrent to crime is the increased likelihood of being apprehended, a goal that could be approached by better use of computers to catch tax evaders and more policemen on the beat to prevent street crimes.

¶Federal crime insurance at low cost. Victims of crimes should be fully compensated for property losses, injuries and lost work time.

It is a large order, but signs of progress are apparent. Massachusetts has recently abolished all juvenile custodial institutions; Minnesota is not far behind, and both of them, along with California, have managed to close down a number of state prison facilities. Rarely does an architectural consultant tell a client not to build, but the influential Institute of Corrections of the American Foundation is now advising the Justice Department to invest in alternatives to incarceration, not in new prisons. The National Council on Crime and Delinquency, which has spent decades trying to upgrade penal institutions, recently called for a nationwide halt to the building of jails and detention centers. Counter-trends do appear, perhaps the most flagrant of them being Governor Rockefeller's call for life sentences for drug sellers. But this rear-guard proposal ought not to inhibit or discourage a very different kind of thinking. Rather, we ought to move ahead with some confidence and boldness. After all, no matter how badly we fare, the legacy we pass on cannot be worse than the one we inherited. □

TEAMSTERS & GROWERS

A ROMANCE REKINDLED

RONALD B. TAYLOR
Mr. Taylor, who has covered farm labor and related subjects in the San Joaquin Valley for the last decade, is the author of Sweatshops in the Sun: Child Labor on the Farm, *to be published by Beacon Press next month.*

Fresno

The Western Conference of Teamsters is once again claiming jurisdiction over thousands of lettuce field workers who have demonstrated that they prefer the United Farm Workers Union, led by Cesar Chavez. And this time the Teamsters are part of an anti-Chavez alliance that has the tacit approval—if not the active support—of the Nixon Administration.

Whether by design or coincidence this alliance is moving on two fronts; while Teamsters organizers work the fields, various farm organizations, large and small, are cranking up legislative efforts to disarm farm workers by outlawing the secondary boycott and the strike at harvest time.

The size and shape of the growing alliance began to appear during the fall election campaigns in California. Agri-business leaders, backed by the Reagan administration, were pushing Proposition 22, a state ballot initiative that would have emasculated farm workers had it passed. This unsuccessful proposition was, and is, part of a larger attempt by the Farm Bureau to establish anti-farm-labor laws in each farm state. Then, early this winter, an Under

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Secretary of Labor suggested to farm leaders that Teamsters president Frank Fitzsimmons might like to address the 1972 convention in Los Angeles of the American Farm Bureau Federation (AFBF). The invitation was offered and accepted.

Fitzsimmons, who had contributed $4,000 to the Democrats for Nixon fund, billed his talk as an "opening of communications" between his union and the AFBF. In much of his text the Teamsters president sounded like a tough labor leader scolding the collected agri-businessmen for their biases. But at the end Fitzsimmons made clear the reason for his visit: he attacked Chavez, the UFWU and its supporters; he called their boycott a fraud; he proposed an alliance between organized labor and agribusiness, and then he urged the Farm Bureau to support legislation that would subject agriculture to regulation under the National Labor Relations Act.

The farmers got the message. Convention delegates voted to reverse the long-standing AFBF opposition to the inclusion of farm labor within the NLRA. While this looked like a major turnaround, some strong strings were attached in pet phrases like "No strikes at harvest." And the NLRA bans the secondary boycott, which has proved to be Chavez's strongest economic weapon.

Within days of Fitzsimmons' speech, the Western Conference of Teamsters announced that they had renegotiated the *unexpired* 1970 lettuce contracts with vegetable growers in California and Arizona. Organizers were sent into the fields to sign up the 30,000 field workers whom the union and the growers claimed were covered by the new contracts. And once again the Teamsters and growers had the cart before the horse—the workers were being signed up *after* the contracts had been renegotiated.

The California Supreme Court had found that the Teamsters were originally invited into the lettuce fields by growers eager to avoid the UFWU. Deciding 6 to 1 that the union had signed sweetheart contracts with the growers, the justices wrote: "Although there is some dispute as to the precise number or percentages of field workers favoring either the Teamsters or the UFWU it appears that by mid-August [1970] at least a substantial number and probably the majority of the applicable field workers desired to be represented by the UFWU rather than the Teamsters."

Through it all AFL-CIO President George Meany remained silent. One might have thought he and Fitzsimmons had never agreed that the UFWU had jurisdiction over field labor. But Fitzsimmons and Meany had decided, in August of 1970, that the Teamsters' jurisdiction should be limited to the growers' sheds and trucks. These two powerful leaders became personally involved after a series of confrontations between the UFWU and the Western Conference organizers.

At the time the UFWU had just signed contracts with twenty-six Delano grape growers, ending the five-year strike and boycott of table grapes. As the grape fight was coming to a close the UFWU began sending organizers into the lettuce fields and across the border.

Many lettuce workers are Mexican nationals. While the lettuce is being harvested in the Imperial Valley, these workers live at home and commute across the border. They are the "green card" aliens, although some are U. S. citizens. To reach these workers the UFWU sent organizers into the Mexican cities and villages along the border. The union obtained permission of the Mexican Government to build a medical clinic and mini-hospital in La Colonia Nueva, Mexicali. When the lettuce harvest moved north into the Salinas Valley in the summer of 1970 the UFWU's strength among these workers was obvious.

At that time the Teamsters' contracts covering truck drivers and shed workers in the Salinas lettuce industry had expired. After a brief strike, growers and shippers agreed to the Teamsters' new contract demands. After signing new contracts for shed workers, truck drivers and carton stitchers (who ride the back of the trucks), the growers made a surprise move. Overnight, between 170 and 200 growers signed contracts with the Teamsters covering the field crews.

Chavez charged that the growers had invited the Teamsters into the fields to sign sweetheart contracts—a charge that the California Supreme Court was to substantiate nearly three years later. The UFWU ranch committees, made up of field workers, voted to strike; thousands of lettuce workers walked out, temporarily cutting short the 1970 Salinas lettuce harvest.

With the support of the AFL-CIO, the National Farm Worker Ministry and other *"la causa"* sympathizers, the UFWU boycotted lettuce and the growers countered by filing suit in Monterey County superior court alleging they were caught in a jurisdictional dispute between the Teamsters and the UFWU. The judge agreed and enjoined the boycott. The UFWU refused to obey the injunction and the judge ordered Chavez to jail. As he was led off Chavez yelled to his followers: "Boycott the hell out of them."

The UFWU appealed and Chavez was released, pending a decision from the higher courts. Finally, when the California Supreme Court ruled that the Teamsters and growers had signed sweetheart contracts, it ordered the injunction lifted.

During 1970 and 1971 Meany was publicly supporting the UFWU, but it is said that privately he found the Salinas fight a noisy, bothersome affair. The UFWU didn't act like a union; its boycott tactics, especially those aimed at supermarket chains, put pressures on other AFL-CIO unions.

Word of Meany's irritation reached the National Catholic Bishops Farm Labor Committee. The bishops had also learned that Fitzsimmons—for reasons that aren't clear—wanted an end to the fight, even if it meant backing out of the fields. (Twice before the Teamsters had attempted similar raids and both times the bitter fights ended in UFWU victories.)

With the help of the bishops, the Western Conference of Teamsters and the UFWU were coaxed into a jurisdictional agreement, but the Teamsters soon accused the UFWU of violating that agreement and the fight was on again. The situation became so tense that Meany and Fitzsimmons had to step in again and, with the help of the Bishops Farm Labor Committee, work out another,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more complex pact to insure UFWU jurisdiction over field labor.

Whether or not by design, the settlement ordered by Meany and Fitzsimmons proved to be little more than another of several pro-grower delaying tactics. This agreement, the court injunction, and a Nixon-ordered attempt by the National Labor Relations Board to outlaw the boycott, all worked to the disadvantage of the UFWU.

With the Teamsters always in the wings, the lettuce growers have felt no great pressure to sign contracts with Chavez. And now it is clear that whatever motivated Fitzsimmons to back away in 1970-71 is absent in 1973. And the AFL-CIO, by its recent silence, has raised some questions.

Why the tight lip and the low profile? Does George Meany want to *abandon* Cesar Chavez and the UFWU? From the time the Teamsters went back into the lettuce fields until the AFL-CIO Executive Council began its annual meeting in Miami, Fla., last month, the official answer was a terse "No comment."

Bill Kircher, the AFL-CIO's top organizer and a man who relishes a fight with the Teamsters, could only explain, "When they [UFWU] were an organizing committee we had a direct responsibility, but that relationship ceased when they got their charter. They are now a fully autonomous union."

The words sounded strange—and strained—coming from a man who for years commuted between his Washington office and the Delano grape vineyards, to help farm workers organize and fend off periodic Teamsters' raids. In those days, the fledgling farm workers union also had the strong personal support of the late Walter Reuther, president of the United Auto Workers, and the late Sen. Robert F. Kennedy. Then too the AFL-CIO and the UAW contributed $15,000 a month to *"la causa."* Those contributions have ceased.

When asked why the AFL-CIO had issued no statement protesting the Teamsters' move back into the lettuce fields, Kircher said, "You'll have to ask the president that question." In a February 20th press conference in Miami, Meany responded to a question about the lettuce boycott, saying that he and the AFL-CIO did not support the boycott because Chavez had not asked for support. *Los Angeles Times* labor reporter Harry Bernstein pressed Meany for clarification.

Meany responded: "Their [Teamsters] actions in signing this backdoor contract with [170] growers in California in order to destroy the farm workers union . . . was, from a trade union point of view, absolutely disgraceful."

Two days later, in the regular press conference following the Executive Council meetings, Meany was questioned about ex-Teamsters President James Hoffa's prediction that the UFWU would lose the fight to represent field workers. While Meany may be unhappy with Chavez and the tactics of the UFWU, he apparently can no longer ignore the challenges being thrown in his face by the Teamsters. He told reporters: "Hoffa has been wrong before. We are willing to help Chavez, if he calls; we are certainly willing to help in every way we can."

But the nearly two months of initial silence, followed by words of support which reporters coaxed from Meany, seem to suggest that the AFL-CIO leader is still not easy about the UFWU. Chavez hasn't followed federation protocol, he hasn't asked permission to launch boycotts against lettuce or against wine produced from grapes grown by another UFWU adversary, Buttes Gas and Oil. (Buttes has an interest in Guild wineries and Guild has labor contracts with AFL-CIO winery workers.)

The United Auto Workers still publicly support Chavez, the lettuce boycott and the UFWU's desire to remain outside the National Labor Relations Act. However, the UAW's support may be wavering; there is some dissent on these issues on the Executive Board; some of the UAW leaders are said to be leaning toward the Teamsters.

Chavez has ordered the boycott resumed and is personally leading a caravan of seventy farm workers on a boycotting tour of urban areas. He is said to have decided that he and his followers must meet the newest Teamsters-growers challenge head-on, that no more jurisdictional talks will be allowed to slow the boycott momentum.

William Grami, the Western Conference's chief organizer, and the man who has three times before been ordered to pull his Teamsters out of the fight for the fields, is confident. He says, "We have found no particular resistance to signing up members now, particularly in view of the new [renegotiated] contracts."

The Teamsters' new contracts raise the base wage from $2.08 to $2.30 an hour and expand fringe benefits to include medical insurance and unemployment compensation provisions financed by grower contributions. The UFWU contracts start at $2.36 an hour, and provide similar benefits, with the exception of unemployment compensation.

Teamsters officials say they have gone back into the fields for two reasons: first, because they can represent the field workers better than can the UFWU; but more important because they want to protect the truck drivers, carton stitchers and shed workers from uncoordinated strikes.

The UFWU has filed suit in federal court, seeking $200 million in damages. Using the State Supreme Court decision as a foundation, the suits accuse the growers and Teamsters of conspiring to rig wages by freezing the UFWU out. Jerome Cohen, the union's chief counsel, contends this is a violation of the antitrust laws. He alleges further that the growers violated the Civil Rights Act in an effort to avoid dealing with the Chicano leadership of the UFWU. But legal maneuvers are only one part of the fight. Cohen says, "The growers are badly mistaken if they think the latest deal they made with the Teamsters will stop the strike or the boycott."

Thus the fourth round of the eight-year battle between the UFWU and the Teamsters has begun. But this promises to be more than a jurisdictional struggle for lettuce field workers. There are indications the Teamsters-UFWU fight will be used as a bitter catalyst to precipitate legislative actions. Daryl Arnold, executive vice president of the Western Growers Association (WGA), in a talk to the Nisei Farmers League, predicted: "There will be increased incidents of violence on the part of the United Farm Workers. These violent acts, plus the con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

frontation between the UFW and the Teamsters, are the two things most likely to bring about federal legislation to restore peace and to protect the food supply of the public."

The UFWU's reliance on worker participation in the administration, servicing and renegotiation of contracts has drawn criticism from growers. One vineyard operator summed it up angily: "They are too damn democratic."

A labor lawyer who has represented agri-business interests stated: "The UFWU leaders are highly emotional, irresponsible and apparently not at all concerned that they may ruin growers with whom they have a contract by making them inefficient and noncompetitive with other growers."

Union members, full of their new-found sense of power, have indeed called wildcat strikes; they have haggled and argued and made mistakes as they learned how to exercise grievance procedures or enforce pesticide safety regulations or negotiate new contracts. One large grower calculated UFWU harvest crews were turning out 22 per cent less work than the nonunion crews that once worked his orchards. (He didn't point out, however, that under his nonunion management only the youngest, most aggressive workers could maintain the pace he established. Slower workers, older men and women, were systematically weeded out of the crews.)

Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz, in California to stump for the re-election of Rep. Bob Mathias, made clear his feelings about Chavez and the UFWU in a series of snide, offhand references to a strike then in progress. The Secretary launched into an attack on all strikes at harvest, saying such actions "should be outlawed . . . it is not fair for a farmer to work all year to produce a crop that can be wiped out in a two-week strike."

But then Butz was really not arguing the narrow issues of a single strike. He was promoting the Farm Bureau-agri-business notion that the farmers must be given special shields against such economic weapons as a strike at their most vulnerable time of the year. When Butz speaks he leaves no doubt where the sympathies of the Nixon Administration lie. This comes as no surprise. In 1949 Congressman Nixon demonstrated his support for agri-business during the National Farm Labor Union strikes against the DiGiorgio Fruit Corporation. Both as a Presidential candidate and as President he continued to show that his basic position remains unchanged. He has spoken out against the grape boycott and has publicly eaten grapes. Under Nixon, the NLRB's chief counsel attempted

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to prove that the UFWU was subject to the NLRA rulings against the secondary boycott. The move, had it succeeded, would have been unique because farm workers are specifically excluded from the National Labor Relations Act.

The Administration has lent its support to the Farm Bureau's proposal of legislation to establish a separate agriculture labor relations board. It now appears that it will support the Farm Bureau's shift to "any" federal legislation that provides protections against the boycott and strikes at harvest. The Farm Bureau seems willing to accept the NLRA if it provides special farm protections.

The Farm Bureau strategy calls for farm states, like California, to pass right-to-work laws that are as conservative as possible, laws that would provide farm-oriented labor relations boards and open shops and legal machinery to delay strike threats. These laws, worked through the provisions section 14-B of the Taft-Hartley Act, would make the NLRA almost palatable. The secondary boycott would be outlawed at the federal level, and the states could guarantee the open shop and whatever else could be wiggled through the 14-B loophole.

At least three bills will be introduced in Congress to bring farm workers under some form of labor relations act. Rep. James O'Hara (D., Mich.) supports Chavez's desire to return to the 1935 Wagner Act that, among other things, allowed the full use of the boycott. Rep. B. F. Sisk (D., Calif.) reaches for the middle ground with a bill that would simply delete the words which exclude agriculture from the NLRA. This would outlaw the boycott, but not provide the Farm Bureau with all the other protections it seeks. Rep. Albert H. Quie (R., Minn.), the ranking minority member of the House Agriculture Labor subcommittee, will again champion the Administration-Farm Bureau proposals.

The political climate for such legislation is hard to assess. Chavez and the UFWU have pushed agri-business into a more consolidated position. Small growers and corporate giants are working with Farm Bureaus and grower councils in an attempt to outlaw by legislation the economic levers Chavez has used so effectively. All of the shifting positions and power balances within both agri-business and organized labor seem to improve the chances that some kind of compromise legislation will pass.

However, these changes have occurred primarily in California and Arizona. The pressures building on the West Coast are not yet felt in Washington. The farm bloc politicians from the Midwest and the South have not gone through a Chavez-led boycott of products grown by their constituents. Most observers agree that any legislation that is put up will have to have some strong appeal for these Midwestern and Southern legislators if it is to pass.

Rep. W. R. Poage (D., Tex.) chairman of the House Agriculture Committee, feels legislation will not pass. "In theory a bill protecting agriculture's interests could pass, but in practice there just aren't enough votes to get that job done." Asked about efforts by California farmers to beat back the Chavez-led UFWU, even if it meant bringing farmers in under the NLRA, Poage bristled in anger: "They [California farmers] are willing to pay any price to get out from under that boycott. They'd destroy ever'body if they had to."

How does Chavez feel about all this? One labor relations expert who recently talked with him said that the UFWU leader is not at all worried about pending legislation. "He feels the Teamsters and Farm Bureau will fall out over the 'no strike at harvest' issue and that the extreme right-to-work proponents will fight the Farm Bureau or anyone else who tries to expand NLRA coverage."

Chavez would, of course, accept the O'Hara bill. Its chances of passing are as remote as those of the Quie bill on the other side of the spectrum. So the UFWU tactic is to block and stall. The farm workers want no legislation that would hinder them in the long struggle they face against the Teamsters and lettuce growers.

There is little chance that a major confrontation can be avoided. The Teamsters are obviously willing and aggressive. They have organizers out in the fields. The growers feel no threat strong enough to force them to the bargaining table with the UFWU. The farm workers union is determined to build up the pressure and Chavez estimates it will take at least three years of boycotts and strikes to get the job done.

The battle lines are drawn, the forces are joined and there is no end in sight. □

SAFE HAVEN NO MORE

BEEFING UP THE READY RESERVES

DAVID CORTRIGHT
Mr. Cortright, now studying at the Institute for Policy Studies, Washington, was active in the G.I. movement at Fort Bliss and Fort Hamilton.

The unprecedented level of resistance to military service in recent years has caused basic changes in American military policy, one of the most important of which is the current plan to develop a more active military role for the Ready Reserve forces, the country's more than 900,000 weekend warriors. Major innovations will prepare the Reserves for full deployment in any future U.S. military intervention.

In his 1973 budget report, former Secretary of Defense Laird proposed that "the Reserves and Guard will be the initial and primary sources for augmentation of the active forces in any future emergency." This shift away from reliance on regular units is the result of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reduced strengths and capabilities of the active forces and the skyrocketing costs of maintaining a large standing army. As the 1971 Army *Greenbook* states: "If the active structure continues to decline, while strategy requirements remain the same, then reserve component divisions will have to be mobilized for any major commitment. . . ."

One of the best indications that these plans will go forward is the fact that the amount of money being spent on the Reserves has doubled since 1968. In fiscal 1971 the total outlay for the Reserves was $2.7 billion; the Pentagon's fiscal 1973 budget calls for $4.1 billion. A large part of this increase has gone for pay raises and other attractions designed to prevent a drop in force levels. However, the most significant new outlay is for purchases to increase and modernize the equipment issued to the Reserves. According to recent testimony by General Westmoreland, costs for equipment have risen from $150 million in fiscal 1969 to more than $900 million in fiscal 1972. In fiscal 1973 the Reserves are scheduled to receive more equipment than has been given them in any other single year. (This largely unnoticed upgrading of the Reserves is another example of how the so-called "peace dividend" from reduced U.S. ground deployment in Vietnam is being channeled into Defense Department plans for future military involvement.)

The most important aspect of the new role being planned for the Reserves is the development of their aggressive, interventionist combat capacities. The emphasis seems to be less on riot control, as in the past, and more on achieving an "ever-increasing combat readiness" for integration with and augmentation of the active forces. Many Army Reserve units are now being given such combat equipment as M-60 tanks, M-16 rifles and UH-1 helicopters. Integration will be accomplished through the "associate unit concept," whereby Reserve units are aligned on a regular basis with similar active units, and Reserve forces participate in Regular Army training and maneuvers. For example, the 72nd Mechanized Infantry Brigade of Texas has been undergoing training with the new experimental 1st Cav (TRI-CAP) Division at Fort Hood. G.I. organizing groups have reported in *Camp News* that the Army's two front-line divisions, the 101st Airborne and the 82nd Airborne, are also beginning joint training exercises with Reserve groups around the country. Units of Fort Campbell's 101st Airborne have recently been deployed to Georgia and Florida to assist Reserve and Guard units. The Reserves are also being used to man stations that were previously handled by active duty units. For example, the Army National Guard now operates Nike Hercules Air Defense facilities in many parts of the country.

The Navy is of growing importance in U.S. interventionist planning, and the Naval Reserve is being prepared for an unprecedented new role in the combat fleet, including primary responsibility for manning aircraft carriers. At last year's eighteenth national conference of the Naval Reserve Association, the following steps were outlined to increase combat capabilities: In fiscal 1973 one carrier and several attendant ships are to be transferred to the Reserves (directly from the active fleet, not from mothballs); in fiscal 1974 and 1975 a second carrier and more ships will be added. To accomplish crew readiness, the Naval Reserves will in fiscal 1973 purchase as many as twelve jets to transport inland Reserve units to ships for monthly training. Among the carriers being considered for transfer to the Reserves are the *Wasp, Intrepid* and *Ticonderoga* (Anti-submarine Warfare: ASW) and the *Hancock* and *Oriskany* (Attack). Recent reports from Southern California confirm that the 900 men and forty-five planes of the Reserve Carrier Group, CVSGR-80, have been aboard the *Ticonderoga* for two weeks of ASW exercises. Still another indication of the interventionist function now in store for the Naval Reserve is the recent activation at Little Creek, Va. of the first Naval Reserve Coastal/Riverine unit.

Other aspects of the heightened importance of the Reserves include increased pilot training and airlift responsibility for the Air National Guard and the Air Force Reserve. The Naval Air Reserve is being converted from F-8 to F-4 squadrons and being prepared for deployment aboard active Navy carriers. In addition, many Reservists report that discipline and training during weekend drill periods have become increasingly strict in recent months. It seems that, with the active forces greatly reduced in number and suffering from internal problems, the Defense Department is groping for a formula which will allow it to maintain its fighting power despite declining resources. The once safe haven of the Reserve forces is being rapidly prepared for the serious business of war.

It will, however, be extremely difficult to realize this new role for the Reserves. One of the immediate problems is what Secretary Laird called "the manpower reality." The reduction of draft calls and the general unpopularity of military service among young people have resulted in plummeting force levels for all the armed forces, and especially for the Reserves. The Pentagon budget report listed the following manpower shortages as of December 1971: Army National Guard, 19,000; Army Reserve, 10,600; Naval Reserve, 8,000. Whereas in June 1971 the Reserves were at full force, by December they were 45,000 men understrength. The once extensive Reserve waiting lists have been depleted. In January 1971 the Army National Guard waiting list was 62,000, but by October it had fallen below 16,000. Similarly, the Army Reserve waiting list of 50,000 in June 1970 had fallen to less than 7,000 by October 1971. Reports indicate that waiting lists in most states have now been completely exhausted. According to Assistant Secretary of Defense for Manpower and Reserve Affairs, Roger Kelly, much of this rapid decline is due to the three-month hiatus in draft calls during the 1972 debate over draft extension. As much as 75 per cent of Reserve enlistments were draft-motivated.

Long-run prospects are that attracting a sufficient number of recruits will become increasingly difficult. For one thing, the recent program of offering up to eighteen-month early releases to active-duty G.I.s willing to enlist in the Reserves is being phased out, due to reduced levels in the active forces. Another problem is that in the next

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

few years many Reservists of the Vietnamese era will complete their terms and are unlikely to re-enlist. The main factor, however, is simply that young people do not want to join the military in any form.

As usual, the Pentagon is attempting to respond to this crisis with the obvious remedy of more money. Last year's military pay bill provided an increase from $19 to $43 per month in the supplemental income received by Reservists for training; it also authorized payment of quarters allowance to those with family dependents while on initial four-to-six-month active duty. But since these measures are not achieving great success, other policies are under consideration. A March report from a House Armed Services subcommittee stated that, with the manpower situation approaching "crisis proportions," it was necessary to begin "prompt consideration of . . . enlistment and re-enlistment bonus proposals."

Although no specific budget request has been made for such bonuses, recently released Congressional testimony of Secretary Laird indicates that the needed money is likely to come from the $360 million authorized last year by the Allott amendment as a special pay raise for enlisted people with less than two years of service. Realizing that most Pentagon and Congressional hawks would not be interested in carrying out the Allott provisions to help short-termers, Laird suggested alternate uses for the money: "I hope you will use the money for some of the other incentives that are needed"—i.e., bonuses to shore up sagging Reserve enlistments.

In the coming months Congress will consider an Administration bill, the Uniformed Services Special Pay Act (H.R.14545), intended to provide enlistment and re-enlistment bonuses for the Reserves. In August, President Nixon stated that Congressional approval of such a bill was a precondition for ending the draft in July. Under this incredible bill, those who enlist or re-enlist in the Reserves would be paid up to $2,200. Exact cost estimates are not yet public, but they are sure to be a significant part of the $4 billion Pentagon budget increase this year. These Reserve bonuses, along with the $1,500 combat enlistment program, will probably total hundreds of millions of dollars annually. At a time when vital social programs are being reduced, such a misuse of funds is scandalous.

If these pecuniary measures are not sufficient, other more drastic policies will be proposed. The most critical of these would be a Reserves draft. In his 1973 budget report Laird admitted that, "as a last resort," he might be compelled to seek authority "to draft people into the Selected Reserve." Also, during his confirmation hearings, Secretary Richardson stated that a "possible exception" to plans to end the draft might be "the utilization of induction authority with respect to Reserve forces." A first step in this direction was announced last May in new Selective Service System regulations which allow an inductee to enlist in the Guard or Reserves for twenty days after receiving his draft notice. Although the Pentagon seems for the present resigned to eliminating the draft, poor accession rates could produce a demand to retain it in one form or another. A Reserves draft thus remains a distinct possibility.

The combination of these many changes in the Reserves will have significant social and political results. One of the most important will be the changed social composition of the Reserve forces. Until now, most Reservists have been draft-threatened volunteers who sought to avoid duty in Vietnam; many have college backgrounds and come from socio-economic backgrounds higher than those of the typical working-class G.I. But, the Gates Commission has pointed out, the result of reduced draft pressure will be that the services attract people with less education and poorer civilian job opportunities. Initial data on the quality of recent nondraft-motivated Reserve recruits confirm this expectation. In fiscal 1971, 81 per cent of Marine Corps Reserve enlistees were high school graduates; in the first half of fiscal 1972 this dropped to 59 per cent. Even if a Reserves draft modifies the result, it appears certain that the previous middle-class nature of the Reserves will change.

With recruits coming from less advantaged social backgrounds, so the status and formerly lax character of Reserve duty is being altered drastically. Stricter military standards, more demanding training and greater preparedness requirements are already being observed in many units; they will undoubtedly make drill periods increasingly unpleasant. It is by no means certain, therefore, that the military can overcome the present state of low preparedness and lack of motivation in the Reserves. In fact, the crackdown is likely to create greater hostility among Reservists against the conditions they encounter and the role they are forced to play. And in the active forces, dissent and resistance may emerge in the Reserves as an important political counterforce to U.S. military policies and become a consideration limiting U.S. aggression.

An example of the potential response to the step-up is the newly formed Reserve and National Guard Organizing Committee in Chicago, a citywide group of Reservists being assisted by the Chicago area Military Project. Formed in July, the committee provides counseling on legal problems and discharges and political education on U.S. military plans, and is organized around grievance issues. One of its first activities was to enter a dispute over haircuts in the 92 8th TAG Airlift Group at O'Hare airport. A petition to Congress demanding drastic revisions in personal appearance regulations was signed by hundreds of Reservists in a single day. The commanding officer's attempts to suppress the petition led to contacts with legal counselors and other Reservists and to increased activity by unit organizers. A statement rebutting the commander was distributed and circulation of the petition continued. The group has now developed contacts in numerous Reserve units and is attempting to build organized committees in every outfit. Enlisted counselors are being trained to provide legal help and protection against repression; unit newsletters are also being initiated. As with all servicemen's organizations, the work is slow and precarious, but the important point is that this kind of organizing demonstrates the level of unrest within the ranks and is a clear signal to the brass that the men are not likely to be enthusiastic about call-ups for unpopular causes. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Very Devout, Very Obedient, Very Radical

A HARSH AND DREADFUL LOVE: Dorothy Day and the Catholic Worker Movement. *By William D. Miller. Liveright. 370 pp. $9.95.*

GEORGE WOODCOCK
Mr. Woodcock is a historian, biographer and literary critic. He has recently published a study of Aldous Huxley.

There is nothing like reading a book like *A Harsh and Dreadful Love* for making one feel that there may after all be a good deal in Jung's theory of psychological types. For, between the devotee and the non-devotee there is a deep and —at certain profound levels of comprehension—an impassable gulf.

I was conscious of that gulf as I read William D. Miller's account of Dorothy Day. Some years ago in *The New Yorker* Dwight Macdonald wrote a couple of profiles on Dorothy Day, on the *Catholic Worker* which she had published for so many years, and on the complex of life in the lower depths of society to which she had dedicated herself, providing meals without asking for hymns to be sung for them, living with the poor as one of them, and sustaining as a Christian radical the struggle against unemployment, against injustice, against discrimination, against war. But one thing Dwight Macdonald never quite captured, because he was not a believer, was the self-contained world of the true devotee (a different being of course from Hoffer's "true believer") into which the stranger to faith can never fully penetrate.

William D. Miller's book is, in terms of writing and of civilized appreciation, a far less sophisticated work than the Macdonald pieces. But there is the difference that Macdonald was looking at the *Catholic Worker* and at Dorothy Day in the light of his own secular radicalism. What he saw most of all was what he and I and other freewheeling secular radicals would like to see: Dorothy Day and her associates as the proselytes of a kind of Tolstoyan anarchism—earnestly striving to put literal Christianity into practice by working in the Bowery and its environs, and risking the ire of the Church by standing up even for Communists if they happened to be among those persecuted by society as a whole. At the beginning of the *Catholic Worker* movement there was Peter Maurin with his liking for Kropotkin's visions of an integrated and decentralized society; constant throughout was Dorothy Day whose roots lay in the basic American radicalism that flourished before World War I; in later years the dynamic figure was Ammon Hennacy, "the One-Man Revolution," a natural anarchist whose conversion to Catholicism seemed as perverse and gratuitous as Herbert Read's acceptance of a knighthood.

It would be easy to see the whole picture enclosed within a simple frame which would equate the activity of the Catholic worker groups in the slums of New York with a primitive undogmatic Christianity ("I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in"), and would envisage the political stances of the movement as those of men and women who have rejected authority and who represent the vanguard of rebellion within the Church against its monolithic power.

Nothing could be farther from the truth, if we can believe what William D. Miller has to tell us in *A Harsh and Dreadful Love*, and since Miller is a Catholic who has worked with Dorothy Day and shows no sign of hostility toward her, there is no reason to doubt him. Not only did the Church—as distinct from individual priests—never attempt to restrain Dorothy Day in her activities but we are left in no doubt that if such an attempt had been made there would have been no resistance. "If the Chancery ordered me to stop publishing the *Catholic Worker* tomorrow, I would," Dorothy Day told Dwight Macdonald. And at the end of the 1960s, in the post-Berrigan era, when the Church was shaken from within by rebellion among priests and laymen alike, and was desperately seeking to retain loyalty by reforming its liturgy, she could speak with what now seems the voice of an infinite past, of an age-old devotion: "Where else shall we go, except to the Bride of Christ, one flesh with Christ? Though she is a harlot at times, she is our Mother."

There is a Dostoevskian ring about such words, but while I find them moving in the same way as I find moving similar statements on the lips of characters in *Crime and Punishment* and *The Idiot*, I cannot accept them as more than metaphors; and as I read Miller's account of Dorothy Day and her mission, I find myself increasingly aware that for all the distrust of the state, the horror at war, the indignation over avoidable misery that I share, I am divided from her in the last resort by the fact that she can say *Credo quia impossibile* and I cannot; that I find it impossible willingly to suspend disbelief in the dogmas she upholds. I can grant that in his own way Peter Maurin was a prophet; I would be willing to state in Rome itself my belief that Dorothy Day has lived as near to sainthood as any human being is likely to be. But I cannot think of living in an ambience of rosaries and novenas or of being at one with a state of mind that can see the Pope as "Our Dear Sweet Christ on Earth."

I have always, at some stage, reached the gagging point with Catholic writers and particularly with those who are converts, as Graham Greene and Evelyn Waugh, like Dorothy Day, have been. Because the convert has to accept, with a travail of the will and a violation of reason that can only be imagined by those who have not gone through the experience, those doctrines of the Catholic Church which no secular reasoning can justify, it is just these apparent absurdities—such as the Immaculate Conception and papal infallibility—that he will be most passionate to defend, while the birthright Catholic takes them for granted and passes them over as easily as he mutters his paternosters.

And yet, such are the ambivalences of human consciousness, that I find in those same Catholic writers whose dogmatic absurdities exasperate me, in converts like Greene and in birthright Catholics like Mauriac and Bernanos, examinations of human motives that are conducted with truer compassion than I have encountered anywhere outside a few Mahayanist texts. Similarly, in Dorothy Day and Peter Maurin I have found a comprehension of what it really means to be poor, and hopeless of earth and heaven alike, that one rarely encounters in the most eloquent of secular radicals writing on the life of the deprived; somehow religious dogma has purged them of political dogma. The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

do-gooders dole out soup and accept the present order; the radicals reject the present order and for the most part dole out no soup. Dorothy Day and her associates realized that men had to eat while they waited either for heaven to come or for human society to change itself, so they gave out soup and denounced the present order at one and the same time. And that is the kind of synthesis of opposing viewpoints that could only come from the God's fools who are able to say *Credo quia impossibile* and act out that impossible.

Perhaps the great lesson of *A Harsh and Dreadful Love* is that opposites can meet and attract. By stressing how far Dorothy Day was in fact a very devout and very obedient Catholic, Miller has stripped away some of the radical romance that has surrounded her name. In doing so he humbles one into remembering that "In my Father's house are many mansions," and into remembering also that, despite the devotionalism and willing submission that satisfied some deep thirst within her, Dorothy Day was always inspired not only by the expectation of heaven but also by a more earthly hope of "a personalist order where Agnostics, as well as Catholics, Protestants and Jews, can work for the common good." □

THE WEATHER

Live for myself
said the wind
Live for myself
said the rain
Live for myself
said the night
I bent my head
turned up my collar

David Ignatow

And the Shoe Fits, Worse Luck

SURFACING. *By Margaret Atwood. Simon & Schuster. 224 pp. $6.95.*

DAVID H. ROSENTHAL
Mr. Rosenthal is a poet and teacher living in New York City.

> We reached the main lake and reloaded the canoes and shoved them over the snarl of logs. In the bay the felled trees and numbered posts showed where the surveyors had been, power company. My country, sold or drowned, a reservoir: the people were sold along with the land and the animals, a bargain, sale, *solde*. *Les soldes* they called them, sellouts, the flood would depend on who got elected, not here but somewhere else.

Margaret Atwood is best known, in the United States, as a strong and original Canadian poet. Her books of poetry, like *The Circle Game* and *The Journals of Susanna Moodie*, have often dealt with the frontier past, both real and mythical, and with the current destruction of the Canadian woodlands. *Surfacing*, her second work of fiction, concerns itself with similar issues. It is a serious book about North America. In its own way, *Surfacing* is a genuine Great American Novel—one of those books which give us a broad view of our hopes, our lives as we live them, and our sense of a special destiny here. Set in the backwoods of Quebec, it centers around a search for the heroine's dead father, a pacifist, humanist, and latter-day frontiersman who built his own home on an isolated island. But the account of the search, and the novel as a whole, is colored by the nervous despair of the present. The heroine, who is also the narrator, undertakes her quest in a spirit of hysteria and self-loathing.

The book begins with a journey through modern-day Canada—a primeval forest gashed with motels, company towns, and U.S. military installations. Accompanying the narrator are three friends, part-time hippie types who are presented as shallow, vulgar and brutal. The French Canadians of the area, whom we encounter briefly at the beginning of the book, are shown as stunted, parochial beings, trapped between consumerism and a stagnant 17th century. The presence of the United States, that "pervasive menace," is a shadow over everything. Through this landscape of violated woodlands and betrayed hopes—the rubble of assorted American dreams—the heroine travels with her companions, on their way to her father's cabin.

Once they arrive, she begins an unsuccessful search for her father, who is missing but not proven dead. At the same time a crisis develops with her friends, who find themselves uncomfortable away from the city and its diversions. In the end, suffering from the unsatisfactoriness of her own existence and the mystery of the father's disappearance, the heroine passes through a brief period of insanity. She eats wild plants, sleeps in the woods, and imagines that she will give birth to a furry, animal-like god. In the final pages she recovers herself and prepares to re-enter her normal life. The natural world had at first been alien, and then bullyingly real—forbidding her to enter the garden, to wear clothes, to walk in certain places. At the end it returns to what it most probably is, indifferent, "asking and giving nothing."

In the course of this story, Margaret Atwood brings up for reconsideration some of the strongest myths of our American childhood, in particular those of a lost communion with nature and of the pioneer-philosopher, living alone with the woods and his own thoughts. But neither myth is reclaimed for us today by the narrator. Even the father himself is shown sometimes as a heroic figure, sometimes as a sentimental refugee from his real life. The heroine's own problems make it difficult for her to respond simply and affectionately to other people, much less to formulate some perspective that would give meaning to the world in general. Our response to her fantasy, at the end of the book, of being pregnant with some divine, half-human creature is influenced by her earlier disgust over the real pregnancy she has had, and her indifference to the fate of her child. In her viciousness and in her insensitivity to other people, she is actually quite akin to her friends. But in her, these failures have led to a crisis.

> . . . I realized it wasn't the men I hated, it was the Americans, the human beings, men and women both. They'd had their chance but they had turned against the gods, and it was time for me to choose sides. I wanted there to be a machine that could make them vanish, a button I could press that would evaporate them without disturbing anything else, that way there would be more room for the animals, they would be rescued.

At the very end of the book, the father's corpse is recovered—hooked accidentally by a fisherman.

Margaret Atwood is, of course, a woman writer. She has also, in recent years, become prominent in the women's liberation movement. *Surfacing* certainly throws a grim light upon relations between the sexes. There is one particularly repulsive scene, in which the other woman in the group of "friends" is forced to strip for the two men, while they taunt her and record the occasion on film. Later, the heroine, as part of her fit of "madness," destroys the film by dumping it in the lake.

This particular act is not at all mad; it is just and logical. But at many other times, it is difficult to accept the heroine's perceptions. Instead, one is left with an overall sense of the degradation of male-female relationships. At the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

same time, one feels that this particular speaker is not altogether to be trusted. The nastiness she sees is both real and an extension of her own attitudes toward the world.

Surfacing presents us with a kind of triptych. One part is the myth of our frontier past. Another is the reality of contemporary Canada. The heroine's own bitter, catatonic sensibility forms the third. The author makes no suggestions for their reconciliation. But she does juxtapose the latter two against the first, and in doing so suggests to us the power that still resides in our old dreams. For our sense of the past remains real. The question, however, is what to make of these dreams, which we in the United States also have, by way of authors like Thoreau and through our own national experience. In *Surfacing* the vision of an innocent harmony with nature—in some ways the best, most original vision we have—becomes the occasion for a fit of lunacy, or the other side of a basic distaste for people. Quite possibly this is what we have come to. The recent experience of various hippie-farmers, characters somewhat like the heroine and her friends, in Vermont and elsewhere certainly suggests that it is. Such experiences are not, of course, the last word on the subject, any more than *Surfacing* is. What Atwood has accomplished, however, is to bring us up to date on how we are related now to some of our deepest hopes, for ourselves and for our continent. □

Our Short-lived Age of Pericles

THE DREAM AND THE DEAL: The Federal Writers' Project, 1935-1943. *By Jerre Mangione. Little, Brown & Co. 416 pp. $12.50.*

JACK SALZMAN
Mr. Salzman teaches in the English Department at Long Island University. He has just returned from Japan where he was a Fulbright lecturer. Next month David Lewis will publish a volume edited by Mr. Salzman entitled Theodore Dreiser: The Critical Reception.

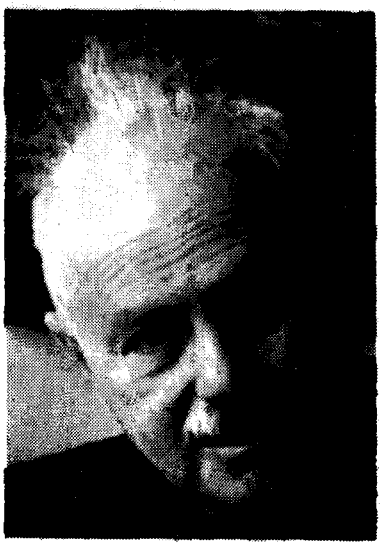
The Arts Project of the WPA—the Works Progress Administration—was one of the glories of the depression. Well before the 1930s, of course, some of America's most eminent men of letters had found employment in federal or state offices: Irving, Hawthorne, Melville and Lowell are among the most obvious names. But there never had been anything like the WPA program. As Lewis Mumford wrote at the time, "It was when writers and artists were thrown in the streets that these groups were for the first time treated as an integral part of American life." Within six months of its inception, some 40,000 persons found employment in the four arts projects (about 16,000 on the Music Project, 12,500 on the Theatre Project, 6,500 on the Writers' Project, and 5,000 on the Arts Project). There were the expected objections to the hiring and subsidizing of these unemployed artists and writers, but to all the criticism that was aimed at the New Deal's proposal, Harry Hopkins, the director of the Works Progress Administration, said simply, "Hell, they've got to eat just like other people."

Jerre Mangione's *The Dream and the Deal* is the first full-length account of the Federal Writers' Project. It is a gracefully written work, as one might expect from a writer of Mangione's accomplishments; it is, in addition, a sympathetic and knowledgeable account, as one might expect from the man who served as national coordinating director of the Federal Writers' Project. Mangione, as he tells us in his acknowledgements, wanted to "breathe life into a saga that had almost passed into the desiccating realm of history." In many respects he has succeeded in doing just that.

To begin with, Mangione vividly reminds us of the importance of the all but forgotten American Guide Series. These volumes, which Alfred Kazin once spoke of as being both a repository and symbol of the "reawakened American sense of its own history," are surely the greatest single accomplishment of the Federal Writers' Project. Yet, as is the case with so much of the writing to come out of the 1930s, the American Guide Series has long been out of print. Perhaps now, on the strength of Mangione's enthusiasm, and himself giving a direction to the undertaking, some enterprising reprint house will make these books available once again.

After the books—in this instance, at least—come the writers. All the important names are here: Conrad Aiken (who thought his colleagues "hopelessly incompetent, except for the photographers"), Nelson Algren, Saul Bellow, Maxwell Bodenheim, John Cheever, Jack Conroy, Edward Dahlberg, Ralph Ellison, Kenneth Fearing, Vardis Fisher (who, working by himself for the most part—"Hell, there were no writers in Idaho except myself"—produced the first of the State guides), Norman Macleod, Kenneth Patchen, Kenneth Rexroth and Richard Wright. Mangione has an anecdote about all of them. Richard Wright, for example, looks at a short story by a fledgling Ralph Ellison and says somewhat resentfully, "Hey, that's my stuff"; and Saul Bellow, assigned the dreary task of compiling lists of magazines in the Newberry Library, envies Isaac Rosenfeld *his* assignment of writing an account of pigeon racing in Chicago.

Then there are the bureaucrats, personalities as diverse as Henry G. Alsberg, the project's director until 1939, who



Memoirs of Waldo Frank

Edited by Alan Trachtenberg

Introduction by Lewis Mumford

"This memoir, written in the loneliness of old age, while inwardly battered to the point of almost suicidal despair, exhibits such an access of self-knowledge, such desperate candor about his human misjudgements . . . as few men dare to display even at the height of their powers"—Lewis Mumford. 296 pp., photos, cloth, $15.00

The University of Massachusetts Press
Amherst, Massachusetts 01002

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

may have been a "colossus of chaos" but who nevertheless managed to hold together the Federal Writers' Project, and Edwin P. Banta, a 70-year-old member of the New York Writers' Project, who, at a party in his honor, persuaded 106 fellow workers to sign a copy of Earl Browder's *The People's Front*, and then turned the book over to the Dies Committee. And, inevitably, there *is* Martin Dies and his committee. Determined as that body was to discredit Roosevelt and the entire New Deal, the WPA became one of its pet targets; the project, as committee member J. Parnell Thomas loudly announced, was a "hotbed of Communists," another "link in the vast and unparalleled New Deal propaganda machine." Mangione's chapter on Dies and the committee's attack on the WPA ("Congress Sees Red") is one of the best sections in *The Dream and the Deal* and will serve as a corrective to Robert Vaughn's really inadequate study of show business blacklisting, *Only Victims*.

Despite its many virtues, however, *The Dream and the Deal* is a troublesome book. The problem, I think, lies in Mangione's approach to his subject. As national coordinator of the Federal Writers' Project, Mangione might have given us a personal memoir of his experiences. Or he might have written a scholarly history of the project. Instead, in an attempt to recapture "the atmosphere and drama of the project experience," he decided to rely heavily upon interviews and correspondence with former participants in that experience. The disadvantage of such an approach—of relying so extensively upon the impressions and information of people some thirty years after the fact—is that the reliability of such information inevitably comes into question. Even recollected in tranquillity, memory frequently is shaped by the attitudes one wishes to establish for the future. (And who speaks, in such cases as this, for those who no longer are able to extol their own causes?) What Mangione has given us in *The Dream and the Deal* is essentially an informal history of the Writers' Project; it is very readable, but it is also impressionistic.

As is almost unavoidable in a study of this scope, *The Dream and the Deal* has its share of inconsequential errors. More serious, however, is Mangione's penchant for making unsupported statements. Kenneth Fearing, for example, is said to have been "closely identified with the Stalinist faction." There's no evidence to support such an allegation. (For an interesting picture of Fearing during the early 1930s, see Albert Halper's novel, *Union Square*.) In this instance, as in many others, one is forced to wonder about the reliability of Mangione's sources.

One also comes to question, after the first few pages, the value of all the anecdotes. Is it important to learn that when John Cheever moved to Washington he found the city's most attractive feature to be the large number of available girls, and that he "availed himself of some of them"? Or that Nelson Algren "seldom wasted time but now and then would openly flirt with the young typists in the secretarial pool"? These tales no doubt are part of Mangione's attempt to breathe life into the saga of the Federal Writers' Project, but their presence in the volume is of dubious value.

The Dream and the Deal, then, is not the definitive study of the Writers' Project, as some reviewers have claimed; Mangione's reliance upon hearsay and recollection make such an assessment impossible. But it is a good beginning, and a very necessary one. To be sure, Mangione's book won't resolve the issue of federal subsidy of the arts; but then, for at least four more years that does not seem likely to become a very practical issue. Still, although the Federal Writers' Project did not produce any outstanding works of creative literature, and although Archibald MacLeish may have been correct when he told the WPA administrators that "What you people did in WPA was completely hypocritical. . . . You kept telling yourself you were actually giving people a job, but you were really more interested in your program," the reply of Florence Kerr strikes one as being most to the point. "You must admit," she told MacLeish, "it was one of the higher forms of hypocrisy." □

A Dusty Answer for Spiro

THE EFFETE CONSPIRACY: And Other Crimes by the Press. *By Ben H. Bagdikian. Harper & Row. 159 pp. $6.95.*

ROBERT K. LANDERS
Mr. Landers is a newspaper editor and reporter. He lives in New Jersey.

It is depressing to contemplate how poor are all but a few of the daily newspapers in this country. It is even more depressing to contemplate how wanting are those exceptional few. In this collection of essays, Mr. Bagdikian chooses to concentrate on the low estate of the majority of newspapers and notice only the relative stature of the few. Ostensibly, his purpose is to counter Spiro Agnew's complaints about the liberal bias of *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times* by reminding us of the conservative bias of the overwhelming majority of the daily papers.

Now this is a reminder at once unnecessary and irrelevant. To whom capable of recognizing its truth can that truth have been hitherto obscure? And are the alleged crimes of two defendants to be excused by the crimes of others? Agnew, then, seems to be little more than a decorative ribbon tied around the package. And indeed, only two of the fifteen essays collected (all but three of them originally published in *The Columbia Journalism Review*, the earliest in 1962) were composed after Agnew attained his current eminence.

Six of Mr. Bagdikian's essays deplore the dismal quality of most newspapers; seven describe the various relationships of Presidents Kennedy, Johnson and Nixon with the press; one draws the "lessons" from the Pentagon Papers case; and one demurs at the "gentle suppression" of news about Nazis in Washington, D.C., by that city's newspapers.

According to Mr. Bagdikian, "A few [American daily newspapers] are excellent, most are mediocre, and many are wretched." The last two denominations, at least, are unlikely to excite much disagreement. And Mr. Bagdikian, in fact, has little to say about the mediocre and the wretched that has not been said, *mutatis mutandis*, before, most notably and rather more incisively by the late A. J. Liebling.

Bagdikian: "The newspaper is a community educational institution run for profit. The owner's relationship to the news he prints is something like a university trustee's relationship to reading material selected for courses. . . . Leadership and policy control on newspapers need to be made more responsive to the society at large, not as a mirror image of the body politic, but sensitive to social and economic reality as a good university is to learning."

Liebling: "The function of the press in society is to inform, but its role is to make money. . . . I think that a good newspaper is as truly an educational institution as a college, so I don't see why it should have to stake its survival on attracting advertisers of ball-point pens and tickets to Hollywood peep shows.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

. . . When I put together *The Wayward Pressman* . . . I dedicated it, 'To the Foundation of a School for Publishers, failing which, no School of Journalism can have much meaning.' Nobody has responded to that appeal, either."

Bagdikian: "There is almost nothing a community can do about a local paper that fails in its primary duty. Starting a new metropolitan competitor is too much like a man disillusioned with his automobile trying to start a new General Motors. . . . Nor is there any effective way he can reach owners who choose to remain unresponsive."

Liebling: "Freedom of the press is guaranteed only to those who own one."

One notes that Bagdikian makes no mention of Liebling in his book, even as, if memory serves, he made no mention of Michael Harrington in his first book discovering poverty. Rather like a newspaper which palms off as its own a story which first appeared elsewhere.

The story is not entirely the same, however. Bagdikian departs from Liebling in his readiness to imagine that there are a few truly "excellent" newspapers, pre-eminently, he implies in a 1971 essay republished here, *The Post* and *The Times*. "There are about 1,750 daily papers in the country, of which the two most powerful in national policy are *The Post* and *The Times*," he writes. "They are justifiably singled out for special attention. Their influence is disproportionate partly because they happen to be delivered to important people in the Capitol every morning. But that isn't the only reason. With all their faults, they are better than other papers in their selection of news, completeness of reporting and knowledge of national social and economic developments."

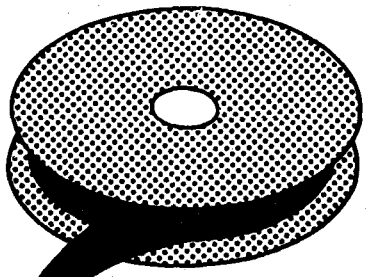
Bagdikian, it is evident from one of his essays, assumes that the reporting of foreign news by *The Times* and *The Post* is authoritative, an astonishing assumption. George Lichtheim wrote, ". . . One day is pretty much like the next, so far as the handling of foreign news by *The Times* is concerned. The overall impression—a compound of ignorance, provincialism, and plain incompetence—remains the same year after year." The "excellence" of *The Post* and *The Times* is a fantasy possible to maintain only by a suspension of the standards otherwise so rigorously applied.

The case of the Pentagon Papers —which Papers, according to the *Post* reporter Sanford J. Ungar, Bagdikian himself secured for *The Post*—leads him to declaim, "For a newspaper to know something to be accurate and important and not to trust the public with it is arrogant. To withhold the truth from the public is to hold the public in contempt." He does not mention that, as Ungar relates, *The Post*, so as not to offend the Chief Justice prior to the Supreme Court decision in the case, killed a story about the jurist greeting two *Post* reporters at his door with a long-barreled gun. Bagdikian also does not remark the smug and slanted coverage of the case by *The Times*—how, for instance, it buried deep within its pages the news of Sidney Zion's identification of Daniel Ellsberg as the source of the Papers.

Bagdikian, in another essay, is rightly outraged by the intrusion of propaganda from foreign governments into the news columns of various papers, but he manages to be far less disturbed by the intrusion of propaganda from our government into the news columns of, among other papers, the "excellent" ones. For he tells us that the President "will often use the press for his own and the national purpose"; that the press needs some "official guidance"; and that "The backgrounder is too useful—to both sides—to abandon."

Bagdikian tells us that "Trying to be a first-rate reporter on the average American newspaper is like trying to play Bach's *Saint Matthew Passion* on a ukelele: the instrument is too crude for the work, for the audience and for the performer." But is it so vastly different on the "excellent" papers? David Halberstam once wrote: "Charlotte (Curtis) and I talked rather endlessly about the future: she kept telling me that newspaper writing was the only way to write and I kept insisting that if you stay with it you hit a point of no return, your talent levels out and eventually diminishes, and that you retire without even knowing it. I kept telling her that *The Times* simply is not in a position to let me write what I want to write. . . ."

The only defect in *The Post* or *The Times* which Bagdikian evidently thought worthy of mention in his book is *The*



Greatest Advance Since the Typewriter was Invented! No More Smeary Erasing—Covers Mistakes Instantly, Permanently!

SELF-CORRECTING TYPEWRITER RIBBON!

Most exciting, needed advance since the typewriter was invented! As of this moment, every messy, smudgy, smeary typewriter eraser in the world hits the scrap heap for good. No more erasing—ever! Bottom half of miracle ribbon is like a magic wand that makes errors disappear before your eyes. To make corrections, just back space, shift ribbon selector and retype error. Presto! White ink makes error completely invisible. Order extra ribbons for friends. This is one gift they'll love you for! No CODs.

MAIL ORDER MART, Dept. 14
2701 Sterlington Road, Suite 132
Monroe, Louisiana 71201

Please send me the quantity of ribbons checked below. If not satisfied, I will return ribbons within 10 days for full refund.

☐ 1 ribbon $3.50 ☐ 2 ribbons $6.00

Brand Name of Typewriter—
☐ Standard ☐ Electric ☐ Portable

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Post's "gentle suppression" of news about Nazis; a gentle criticism he is careful to surround with praise for the social conscience of the suppressors. He has not always been so blind: In a 1967 essay in *The Columbia Journalism Review*—which, significantly, is not included in this book—he wrote that *The Post* was "the most irritating [newspaper] in the country," that "Too many *Post* news stories are flawed by policy," that *The Post* was less "reliable," less well edited "by far" than the Washington *Star*. Two years after that essay appeared, Bagdikian was hired by *The Post* as national editor and assistant managing editor, and he subsequently became the paper's media critic. In 1970, he told *The Wall Street Journal* that "he hasn't solved the problems he wrote about . . . and he admits the news judgment still leaves something to be desired." Not long after the publication of *The Effete Conspiracy* last summer, Bagdikian quit *The Post*, complaining, "There's a feeling here that I should be loyal to the management." He told *Time* that *The Post* was still "not yet a great paper," but that *The Times* was.

Bagdikian's inattention, in *The Effete Conspiracy*, to the flaws of the "great" and "excellent" newspapers may, then, have sprung less from simple complacency than from a desire to preserve his imagined influence as a reformer of newspapers. One hopes that Bagdikian will awaken from his sleep and strive to write the book suggested by the photograph on the dust jacket of this one. The photograph shows a folded and rolled copy of *The New York Times*, its pages pierced by a critic's well-aimed arrow. □

Lights and Laughter Everywhere

YARDBIRD READER. *Edited by Ishmael Reed. Vol. I. Yardbird Publishing Cooperative. 184 pp. $3.95.*

JERRY H. BRYANT
Mr. Bryant is the author of The Open Decision: The Contemporary American Novel and Its Intellectual Background *(Free Press). He is lecturing on American literature at the University of Copenhagen during this academic year.*

Yardbird Reader, Volume One, came into being when a group of young black artists in the San Francisco Bay Area got angry. Feeling that they had been discriminated against by white editors and publishers, they decided to form their own company. They put together the Yardbird Publishing Cooperative, named after Charlie "Yardbird" Parker, and set up their editorial office in Berkeley. Their plans, as Mr. Reed says in his introduction to this first volume, include at least four more readers, each with a different editor, and "chapbooks containing the work of young Afro-American poets." Their aim is both national and regional—"to produce works worthy of the tradition of excellence to which we belong . . . and worthy of the independence associated with the Afro-American west. . . ."

Yardbird's first effort is a little ragged. The *Reader* has more than the average number of typographical errors. And there are a good many errors of convention: *au natural*, *comraderie*, *effect* for *affect*. Much more important, some very bad writing has been judged to be printable. What is surprising is the fact that some of it comes from already established writers. Claude Brown sounds like an entirely different writer from the one who produced *Manchild in the Promised Land*. In a selection from that book's sequel, "In Consequence of Manchild," his prose is immature and affected: "As I ingressed into the vast, high-ceilinged living room, the gentleman from the elevator jaunt . . . stood and greeted me. The face, divested of the unflattering baseball cap, implied the incipience of a dé jä vu [*sic*] experience for me."

Cecil Brown's short play, *The African Shades*, is also a piece of writing much inferior to *The Life and Loves of Mr. Jiveass Nigger*. A white Ph.D. sometimes sounds like a teen-age carhop, sometimes a disappointed romantic, sometimes a pedantic psychoanalyst—occasionally all in the same speech. At one time, his wife appears as a flashy jet-setter who likes black men, at another as a character out of a 19th-century melodrama, the bad girl gone wrong who regrets it aloud for the edification of the audience. There is also the strong young black who has put it all together, which we can tell by his steady stream of sophomoric epithets and his contempt for the white producer of black movies.

It seems to me there can be no argument about the low quality of these pieces. My distaste for a few other selections, however, is simply that—a matter of taste. For instance, I see no merit in N. H. Pritchard's "Three Transrealistic Poems," which are simply three sets of dots and lines arranged uninterestingly on the page; or Sarah Fabio's "Hoodoo" and "standard" versions of her poem "Of Puddles, Worms, Slimy Things," accompanied by a self-conscious "explanation" cast in a black vernacular that sounds more chic in her hands than natural; or even in Clarence Major's poems, in which he parades his rejection of conventional punctuation.

But the merits of this collection outweigh its weaknesses. Three-quarters of the material is eminently worth reading, and we should be grateful to Mr. Reed for making available to us some very good things that might never have found a platform. Against the self-conscious prose of Claude Brown is set the clean, understated writing of John A. Williams, who gives us a dry and unemotional report of the racism of white tourists on the black-populated and black-governed island of Grenada (one group of them petitioned their black concierge to prohibit blacks from using the hotel dance floor). And opposed to the confusion of Cecil Brown's play is Francisco Newman's *The Blue Drifter: A Film Treatment*, a movie scenario distinguished by the control Newman displays over his content, the emotional as well as the thematic unity of the wildly disparate series of screen images that make up the film.

There are, furthermore, short stories and poems here that show an unusual feeling for language, and an unusual ability to evoke responses. I like most Ishmael Reed's poems. His "Railroad Bill, A Conjure Man" is a bouncy, entertaining mixture of his own "neo-hoodooism"—the poem is about a folk hero who could "change hisself to a tree/ . . . he could be/What he wanted to be" —Dr. Seuss ("He could, you bet he could/He could, you bet he could"), and the Western ballad form, with its trotting rhythms and its colloquial figures of speech. His best one, though, is "Poison Light," addressed to an old friend, quiet in mood, nostalgic but not sentimental in tone.

China Clark's poetry has a simple and obvious appeal; she is observant of small things, and she condenses with the skill of the epigrammatist:

The answer is in the middle of the circle
and it is the same as the Question.

Others exploit their own language for the mixed effect of the humorous and the serious. Calvin Hernton's affectionate "Low Down and Sweet" is one of the best of a great many celebrations of the black woman. And O. O. Gabugah draws strong folk poetry from the voice of a strident but vital black revolutionary who attacks the Uncle Tom.

I wish there were more prose fiction

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

here. Already I have the feeling that the present generation of black novelists and short-story writers needs a transfusion of new blood. Two of the pieces that come closest to being stories are so short that it's impossible to tell whether their authors have the ability to develop more sustained narrative. Joe Johnson writes a neat 4-page story about little Nathareen who thrills her prim Sunday school teacher, Miss Evans, by saying the most reverent things about Jesus, but then carries the offering to the minister, who engages her in a few moments of perverted sex play. If it's too predictable, it also contains an effective picture of Nathareen's amoral young mind, and the fine words with which Miss Evans routinely berates her young audience:

> Patention to God's business. Up here snigglin' and gigglin' in God's house. You don't pay the rent in God's house. . . . God ain't no toy. . . . God ain't no plaything. . . . Up here thinkin' about everythin' 'cept God.

Lennox Raphael is going to challenge Reed as one of the best satirists around. His "Afrogun" parodies the TV Western and the formularized excess of the hard-boiled style: "Afro turned, slowly. His eyes were diamond lion devils and gods in motion." It also makes fun of the Western's morality, in which the hero is good, virtually, because he's handsome and powerful: ". . . they can't pin this rap on me. I'm goodlooking, and my gun roars in the night like fornicating owls." This is what the language of satiric parody should be, charged with its own original energy but near enough to the cliché being parodied to be clearly recognizable.

I've said nothing about the graphics, several pictures of bronze sculpture by Doyle Foreman, of some wood sculpture by two modern artists of the Makonde people, and some designs by the very talented Glenn Myles. It's a worthy experiment to include them, although it's photographs and not sculptures we're seeing of Foreman's and the Africans' work.

It's impossible to bring all the work in the *Yardbird Reader* under the umbrella of one final evaluation. What I can say is that in its most inventive parts and most compelling moments it reflects a creative force that has only begun to be tapped. The blacks represented here all have a sense of purpose that characterizes any new artistic school that consciously sets about revolting against tradition. And many of them have the energy and the talent to make their revolt a success. Their youthful self-confidence is exhilarating and I take note of the fact that their material marks a departure in interest and technique from the impulse in so much black art during the 1960s, to guide the artist's material narrowly into the support of the black political and social revolution. It is no coincidence that Mr. Reed concludes his poetry section with a poem by Al Young, a member of Yardbird's board of directors. The title is "April Blue," and its final lines are:

> *Spring is the thing that your window frames now.*
> *It's time you soaked in the new light & laughed.* □

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

Something baffled me as I watched the new musical, *A Little Night Music* (Shubert Theatre). Staged by Harold Prince, who knows his way around this particular entertainment area, performed by an expert cast, with spare choreography by the humorously gifted Patricia Birch, with a book by the highly capable Hugh Wheeler, with music and lyrics by the astute Stephen Sondheim and settings by the most artistically fertile of our designers, Boris Aronson, it still failed to stir me to the expected gratification.

The show is based on Ingmar Bergman's delightfully ironic film, *Smiles of a Summer Night,* and the result is a musical of a certain originality and sophistication. The intention and effort, however, exceeded the degree of pleasure I felt in the event as a whole.

The word "effort" is symptomatic. Sondheim's lyrics, always superior to his music, are certainly many cuts above the norm of musical comedy writing. Yet, in this instance, the more intricate syntax and rhyming, the more refined vocabulary, the witty notions create strain, a reaching for nimble cultivation that fails to create an impression of genuineness. Sondheim is not actually in his element here, as he was, for example, in his lyrics for *Company*. *A Little Night Music* displays the same quizzical, not to say cynical, attitude toward marital relationships that was evident in *Company*, but in the latter it suited the mode of mid-Manhattan, while in the turn of the century European (Swedish) atmosphere of *Night Music* it takes on the air of a clever tourist simulating continental chic.

The "decadence" of the affluent late 19th-century milieu in such a country as Sweden was, for all its elaborate formality, as delicately fragrant and easy-going as the countryside in which the inhabitants lived. There was not so great a difference of inner temper between the peasants and their masters as one might suppose: all dwelled together in a cradle of sensory security. That is what made the Bergman film, for all its satiric lining, light and pervasively charming. *A Little Night Music* made me think of a little girl dressed in mommy's high-heeled pumps.

To put it more abstractly, the piece is not organic. Its body does not suit its outer form; the show is high-class Broadway parading in the vestments of a suave foreign style. There is a base alloy in the mixture which produces counterfeit coin.

Len Cariou acts and sings sturdily and intelligently; Hermione Gingold has something of British music hall thrust and proficiency as a privileged *ancien régime* cocotte; Laurence Guittard has a trained voice and provides an amusing parody as a silly hussar; Mark Lambert is pleasant as a virginal candidate for the ministry; D. Jamin-Bartlett as a country maid possesses an appealing grittiness. Best of all in respect to the sought-after style is Glynis Johns, whose relaxed, low-

REPRINTS are available of the article which appeared in our January 22, 1973 issue:

THE HUBRIS OF A PRESIDENT
by William L. Shirer

Reflections on the devastation of Hanoi, by the journalist who broadcast Hitler's barbarism to a horrified world.

Single copies	25¢ each
10 or more	20¢ each
50 or more	15¢ each
100 or more	10¢ each

Please enclose payment with your order

THE NATION
333 Sixth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10014

'THE PRESS AND THE BAY OF PIGS'

A detailed study by
Victor Bernstein and Jesse Gordon

Single copies—15c; 25 copies at 10c each
Orders over 25 at 7c per copy

THE NATION
333 Sixth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10014

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

keyed canniness and covert glance veil a wealth of life experience.

Though Tennessee Williams' *Out Cry* is a two-character play it is essentially a soliloquy (Lyceum Theatre). The two characters are brother and sister: each is part of the other and both are one person—the author.

The theme is fear. A moral impasse is at its root. It is nearly impossible to go on living when one feels oneself cut off from the surrounding world. Retreating into oneself from dread produces an isolation wherein there is no sound connection with either the self or other selves. This induces something akin to incest or schizophrenia; insanity is close by.

The central motivation of the play is dramatized by Williams through two actors on a countrywide tour who have been abandoned by the rest of their company. They find themselves in a decrepit theatre; the skeleton of a setting stands in the gloom. The two actors are homeless and penniless. They undertake their last performance of a "Two Character Play," written by the brother, for an audience which they finally discover does not exist. Apart from these facts, all we learn about the two actors is that they are the children of a religious father who killed himself and his wife. The prospect of their own mutual suicide seems imminent, but they forbear.

The "Two Character Play" is complementary to the history of the two actors themselves. Thus the play is self-contemplative; it looks in upon itself. Williams has always held to the romantic idea of art as self-revelation, but in this instance the mask of an objective dramatic argument is so thin that there is hardly a separation between the mask and the face.

What Williams tells us in *Out Cry* is that at a certain time—the play was written around 1968—he was in the paranoidal bind of his characters, and that all he was sure of was that somehow he was going to continue writing. *Out Cry* has no ending; its last lines, we are told, are to become the beginning of his next play. Though the theatre has become his prison, he accepts his further presence in it. For "magic [the theatre] has become the habit of our existence."

I have too much respect for Williams to say that this has become his permanent state of mind. Even in *Out Cry* there is much of his theatrical ingenuity and power of statement—it is by no means as unintelligible as some assert—but it is too limited in its symbolic imagery and construction (its import is sentimentally existential) to hold us for two hours. It was probably indispensable for Williams to write this confessional piece; until he had done so he might have found it unthinkable to proceed further in his career. But now that he has written it and seen it produced, we can only hope that he will turn his gaze outward again. No matter how far he ranges, his presence will still be palpable.

Given the narrow scope of the text, the production is as much as could be hoped for. Against Jo Mielziner's spectrally moody set, the play is very much directed and acted. I mean that, since little real movement is called for by the writing, so few variants in the feelings of the personages, so little development in the situation, the director and actors are hard put to it to create change, mounting action, climax. Peter Glenville as director, Michael York and Cara Duff-MacCormick, the latter especially toward the close of the play, surmount their difficulties with valiant intensity.

Ellis Rabb's direction of *The Merchant of Venice* at the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center (Vivian Beaumont) marks a distinct departure in the interpretation of that play. I do not refer to the play's being done in modern dress but to a new tone and a clear meaning.

Rabb slows the pace and deflates the poetry to stress the play's basic "message." Very rarely before have I heard the text so intelligibly pronounced—except for those moments where volume is increased and the actors cannot speak both loud and plain, or when the action of a scene is not fully realized. The play has been directed as one does a sober realistic drama.

The Merchant of Venice now emerges inescapably and, I believe, correctly as a "parable" of the corruption of a society that founds its chief values on money. Sixteenth-century Venice was such a place: the wealthy, luxury-bound center of world trade. The focus is on the merchant Antonio and his playboy friends. They depend on him (and others like him) for loans. These fellows marry wealthy heiresses, seduce rich girls who in turn inherit or steal money from their fathers' treasure. One of these fathers, the banker Shylock, is himself cunningly mulcted.

The corruption is thoroughgoing. The well-favored citizens are not at all concerned about the sources of their income nor have they any compunction about how it is spent. Shylock, stamped an "alien" because he is a Jew, is also scorned because he is perforce a lender of money at high interest, no other lucrative employment being permitted him. He, too, is corrupt through hatred of his oppressors. Thus a vicious circle is composed; there are those who do little actual work and are mainly bent on elegant and not so elegant fun and games (Antonio and company) and those (Shylock and his tribe) who through the bitterness of their conditions are possessed by a hunger for vengeance.

This pattern is consistently drawn in the present production. We see the boys of the band on the beach, the girls in bikinis and the males bare. Antonio resembles a well-heeled, quasi-homosexual bachelor who cossets his spendthrift, complacent minions; and, their radiant appendage, Portia, is a smart, rich bitch. Shylock is cold, hard, efficient, unyieldingly rational, refusing all but family sentiment. The picture is complete.

The method of its production loses in lyric afflatus, in dramatic heights, in fullness of color and excitement what it gains in clarity. But since so few productions of the play have possessed either the first assets or the second, I welcome the merit of this one. The production is hardly "Shakespearean"—it might be considered tame—but it makes sense.

The acting is in the same vein. Sidney Walker's Shylock is to be prized for its dignity, its firm poise, its well-defined outline. There are certain directorial lapses in the handling of the role. Thus when Shylock, being subjected to humiliation through Portia's legalistic sophistry and the court's genteel malevolence, is asked if he is "contented," Rabb has him say *in German*, "Am I satisfied? No, I am not satisfied," and then has him speak Shakespeare's line, "I am content." But the manner in which the line is spoken should in itself convey Shylock's fierce or mocking resentment. Still, in his Shylock, Walker has given of his best and greatly aids the director in making the play cogently lucid.

Rosemary Harris is a happy choice for Portia, though I found her most remarkable chiefly in the "quality of mercy" speech, which she reads with an apt combination of lawyers' "finesse" and Shakespearean grace. (She looks a bit absurd in her male attire, but that may be a deliberate comic note.) Why is Bassanio so surly? Christopher Walken acts him not only as if he didn't like the man but didn't like the part.

James Tilton's setting with its projection of Venice, its cathedral, its lagoons, its arches and pigeons, is handsome, and so are most of Ann Roth's costumes. Music provides a rueful romanticism to the last act where the point (both Shakespeare's and Rabb's) is difficult to make. It is that Venetian revelry goes on as before, now that the pest Shylock has been gotten rid of, and unless it is made the act seems redundant. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

One cannot assess Kenneth Noland's new paintings, recently at Andre Emmerich's uptown gallery, without discussing his formal means. A writer of sonnets cannot be analyzed without reference to the history of the form and its metrical customs. Similarly, an Abstract painter like Noland must be judged in terms that find a place for such technical niceties as the distinction between bare or painted canvas, the overlapping of lines as opposed to their parallel arrangement, and the presence of color and the absence of drawing.

The recent exhibition rationalized the discordant elements of his show, at Emmerich's eighteen months ago, of paintings of 1971. In that show Noland, whose name is associated with an imagery of circles, sometimes wrongly called targets (it is Jasper Johns who painted targets), revealed far-reaching changes of style. To define these it is necessary to describe briefly his earlier development. After the circles (1959-61) he worked with chevrons, first in the square canvases that had contained the circles, but more successfully in broad colored Vees that spanned horizontal canvases (1963-64). Later, in a group of very wide canvases (1967-69), he deposited sequences of narrow stripes of color that crossed the picture from side to side, parallel to though not touching the top and bottom of the picture, but hitting the sides as a succession of points.

Common to these phases were (*1*) an avoidance of overlapping forms; (*2*) a reliance on big stretches of bare canvas; and (*3*) a preference for central images. For example, the circles expanded from a central point toward the edges and the chevrons joined the center of the picture directly to the perimeter. These formal devices were occasionally relaxed, as in the diamonds of 1966-67 when the entire canvas was paint-covered, and in a group of late chevrons in which the Vees are twisted sideways to make an asymmetrical image. These are moderate extensions of his system, however, not its collapse, which the paintings of 1971 revealed.

In those paintings the stripes of color overlapped; the canvas was entirely covered with solid or mottled color; and the centrality of the image (which is not given, but is also not denied, in the horizontal stripe paintings) was wiped out by restless off-center compositions. (Indeed it is a departure from Noland's earlier criterion of unity that it is possible to talk at all about his composition,

Roll Waistline Flab away in just 90 seconds a day!

TRIM WHEEL... Slims Stomachs by as Much as 3 Inches—Without Dreary Diets or Exhausting Exercises!

***SPECIAL LOW PRICE Only* $6.95**

SIMPLE STRETCH 'N ROLL RHYTHM MAKES BELLY-SAG DISAPPEAR FAST—STARTS SHOWING RESULTS IN A DAY!

Why waste valuable time on tiring, boring push-ups, sit-ups, or jogging — when this health-building little wonder quickly lets you trim inches off your waistline in just a few pleasant, relaxing seconds of easy effort every day! Trim Wheel *works like concentrated yoga*— helps you stretch and breathe scientifically to relax fatigue-causing tensions . . . as it stimulates healthful oxygen-rich blood flow.

In just 90 seconds of daily Trim Wheeling, you can do more to build up your own natural muscle girdle and lower back than spending 20 times as long on tiring, boring jogging and other strenuous exercises!

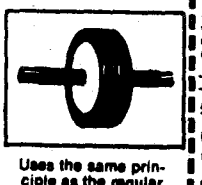
Whenever you have a few spare seconds—but not more than 5 times a day —just get out your Trim Wheel, kneel down . . . and go to it. No need to disrobe — because, in 18 seconds, you don't even work up a sweat! But you *do* give stomach and lower back muscles a safe, satisfying, almost effortless workout! You lose tensions and unwanted inches. As the muscles firm, your waistline grows smaller . . . and smaller . . . and smaller! You look better. You feel healthier. Your friends will think you're on a "crash" diet! And you do it all in just 90 seconds a day—without straining!

MAIL ORDER MART DEPT. L–15
2701 Sterlington Rd., Suite 237
Monroe, Louisiana 71201

TRY TRIM WHEEL FOR 10 DAYS— AT OUR RISK!

Send for your Trim Wheel today. It's only $6.95 plus 35c for postage and handling. Follow the simple directions —and use it regularly for 10 days. Not only must you *not* feel tired after using it—you must actually *feel* refreshed and invigorated. Your lower back must feel stronger and free from aches day by day. Your waistline must measure at least ½ inch (and probably 2 or 3 inches) less than when you started. If all of these wonderful things don't happen to you—as they have happened to so many others—just return your Trim Wheel . . . and we'll send back every penny of your purchase price. Mail coupon today—you have nothing to lose but ugly flab!

NOW AVAILABLE
The Deluxe Dual Trim Wheel!



Uses the same principle as the regular Trim Wheel but offers TWO easy-glide full-size wheels for even better balance & stability.

Deluxe Trim Wheel (M-15925) $9.95

• MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY! •

Please rush me the Trim Wheel(s) indicated below.

I understand that, if not fully delighted with results after 10 days, I may return my Trim Wheel(s) for full refund of my purchase price.

— Trim Wheel (M-70456) $6.95
— DeLuxe Trim Wheel (M-15925) $9.95

Add 35¢ postage and handling for each Trim Wheel. (Sorry, no C.O.D.'s)

I enclose ☐ check ☐ money order for $_____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

CODDLING BLIND PEOPLE

Suppose you had an electric generator serving 3 circuits,

1. the more current in one, the less available for the other 2.

2. the less current in one, the more available for the other 2.

The Beta circuit, which starts with the senses, and controls habitual behavior, is largely taken up with sight. When we see a green light, we start our car again. Or when we see a certain color we get the opinion "blue."

Many extraverts live practically all day in the Beta and Gamma (Theta) circuits. These are the seats of orientation, and are sufficient for athletes, policemen, and others who have to act immediately upon a circumstance.

Since sight is most of sensory experiences, blind people can use much current in the Alpha circuit, the mind, the seat of thinking.

Genius is the product of the Alpha circuit. Why are not more blind people mobilized to do our thinking? Instead of letting them go around as specially privileged slackers, feeling sorry for themselves?

(See encyclopedia under ELECTRO-ENCEPHALOGRAPH.)

For a copy of ***NERO the Emperor***, 63 pages of drama, send $1.00 to:
D. KORETZ P.O. Box 167 Portland, Ore. 97207

CONFIDENTIALLY YOURS. Looking for someone to confide in? Let me be your private correspondent. Professional. Reliable. Send $1.00 for details. **Confidential Consultant, NAT, Box 670, Defiance, Ohio 43512.**

ABOLISH ALL ABORTION LAWS without exception. The right of each ratiocinating individual to own his or her own body is the paramount moral law, WITHOUT EXCEPTION.—**AAAL, P.O.B. 36122, Los Angeles 90036.**

"Star Wheel," NEW COUNTED EMBROIDERY wall panel design, fringe, instruction chart, $1.00, long, self-addressed, stamped envelope. Grandma and Euclid get together with needle and theorem in what may easily be the most amazing handicraft idea of the seventies. Not patchwork or quilting. Follow chart, work simple backstitch almost anyone can do. Triangles, diamonds, hexagons make 560—count 'em—six-pointed stars in huge, 12-spoke circle, 29 inches wide, border. Finished article rich, glowing **MEDIEVAL MODERNE**, heirloom treasure. Dissatisfaction refund. **Mary Cablish, 1908 Orchard Avenue, Belle, West Virginia 25015.**

"DON'T LOOK AT ME! I DIDN'T VOTE FOR HIM." Button 50¢, 3/$1. Eternally applicable. **Lorelco—Room 201, 606 St. Paul Street, Baltimore, Md. 21202.**

PATCHES & APPLIQUE (over 200), **POSTERS** (over 275, many anti-war) **BUTTONS** (135), **BUMPER-STICKERS** (50) and other peace items. Wholesale and retail. Catalogue with pictures 25¢ (refund 1st order). **BIG-LITTLE STORE, 1077 Mission, San Francisco, Ca. 94103.**

PERSONAL HOROSCOPE: 10-Page Report. Send full birth information, $10. **Michael Wood, 43 Joy Street, Boston, Mass. 02114.**

"MEMBER, ENDANGERED SPECIES" bumperstrip, 2/$1; 6/$2.50. **IDEA HOUSE, Box 178-T, Rye, N.Y. 10580.**

in the sense of the arrangement of unlike parts.) Thus the all-at-once effect, essential to the earlier paintings, was lost and the holistic, or indivisible, image, constituted by such legible forms as circles, Vees, or horizontal stripes, was compromised. The 1971 paintings seemed departures from Noland's usual circumspect formality as, on one hand, he affirmed flatness and rectangularity and, on the other hand, evoked spatial illusion, either by overlapping stripes or by the separation of colored stripes from colored backgrounds.

The new paintings, done last year, refine these unruly works, and that is logical, inasmuch as Noland's idea of development is the consecutive extension of his work, like a series of memos. Lines still overlap, but the intersections are now restricted to the corners, because the lines are all held to within a few inches of the edges of the canvas. Thus the tartan plaid effect, which jarred the 1971 paintings, is blocked. These lines are obtained by putting down rows of masking tape and painting in the channels left between them. The result is that the lines are neat yet disembodied, because in the absence of drawing, produced by the changing pressures of the hand, the color is weightless. Noland intends this effect but it is not necessarily the best thing for the pictures, now that he has moved into intricately differentiated composition.

The weightless color lines, timidly close to the perimeter of the canvas, never veering away from pure north-south, east-west, are placid; even the little wrench where lines cross one another at the corners, avoids the awkwardness of the plaids but at the expense of all energy or tension. The central area, the bulk of the canvas, is filled by soft washes. These are pale, high-keyed, pretty, all rosy-fingered dawn and September morn in their sentimental nuances. Noland's intention may be to dissolve the picture plane by tremulous washes and then to close it again by taut edges and snappy corners, but the feeble prettiness of the washes and weightless stripes achieves only a vacant lyricism.

What has happened to Noland is something as follows. He had a viable style, derived from the Field painters among the Abstract Expressionists, that is to say, from those artists concerned with color on a big scale, such as Newman and Rothko. Both those artists were preoccupied with the problem of content and expended great effort to make their expanses of color symbolic. Noland is of the generation that picked up their formal structure but not their concern with, in Newman's case, the sublime, and in Rothko's case, the tragic. What remained was the objectness of the painting, purged of humanistic reminiscence and the myth of depth, as Robbe-Grillet has called it. This was incisive and salutary at first, as in Stella's early paintings, the factual and unevocative black, aluminum and copper series (1959-61), but repetition has not improved the stance.

Through the 1960s Noland, like Stella (from whom he probably derived the Vees), was highly productive, but of what? He painted shrewd and inventive elaborations of visual emblems from which the function of signification had been drained. Or, rather, what was signified was the evolution of Noland's painting itself; the position of each painting in the series became its meaning. This led to a loss of physical presence which conflicts oddly with the declared concreteness of such work. No decisions are really binding in serial paintings and thus they can be done, in sets or runs, without the manual intervention of the artist. I mean, assistants can do them. It is enough for the artist to think of the configuration and direct the project in accordance with the logic of his development and a few formal customs concerning flatness and color without drawing. Thus the new paintings of Noland should not be taken as visual discoveries in any sense, but only as permutations of an easy idea about painting. □

REAL ESTATE

PLAN your vacations, retirement in our developing liberal cooperative community in North-Central Arkansas. Beautiful lots, large lake nearby. **Tumbling Shoals Estates, P. O. Drawer 268, Naperville, Illinois 60540.**

HELP WANTED

TEACHERS, retired or active, help the Martin Luther King Foundation distribute its award winning film **KING: A FILMED RECORD . . . MONTGOMERY TO MEMPHIS** to schools in your community. Commissions available. For further information, **Martin Luther King Foundation, Inc., 140 West 57th Street, New York 10019.**

SERVICES

MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. **THE COVERED WAGON, ALgonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.)**

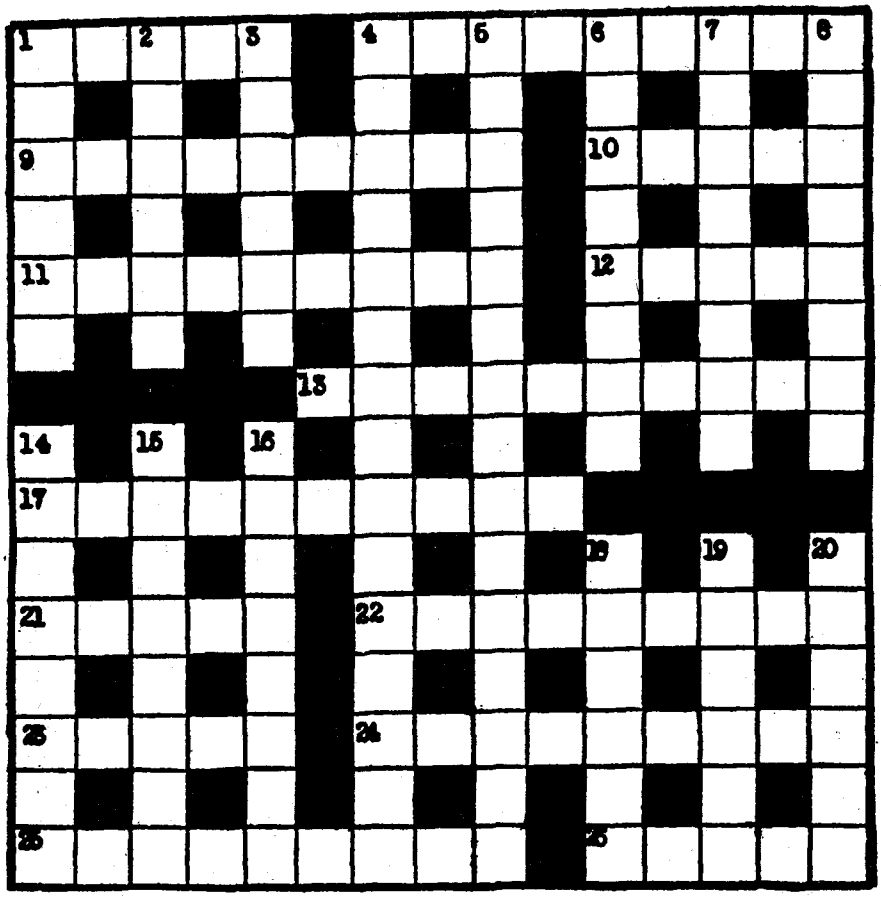
QUICK (BUT CAREFUL) MOVERS. Household or commercial. Realistic estimates. Reasonable rates. Insured. No job too small. **(212) 673-5341.**

MAIL ORDER CONVENIENCE in cleaning and restoring fine leather gloves. $1.25 per pair. Send for free mailer. Dept. N, **Roblin Leather, Glen Cove, N. Y. 11542.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 1481

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Rather common stupid fellow I would still find interesting. (5)
4 Indication of caution with French gray matter that could be associated with the scent. (9)
9 Invariably suited to military life? (9)
10 Stop sign the wrong way around in a spot for the hungry traveler. (5)
11 Such fruit typified by the apple? (9)
12 One in France goes about it to make bond. (5)
13 One might, if the stairs seem rotten—rather like a trial balloon. (4,6)
17 They need a city prophet around to take care of such nuisances! (10)
21 Formal speech is extremely shortened by such as pie, by the sound of it. (5)
22 Can rage or its disturbed condition show such overbearing manner? (9)
23 Country which in retrospect is breezy, to a point. (5)
24 Publican, but not necessarily a sinner. (9)
25 Sort of reach the kind that might be an original model? (9)
26 His etchings were particularly original. (5)

DOWN

1 Scrapes the shoes because they're somewhat slippery? (6)
2 Tools for oarsmen? (6)
3 With the bucket, it's hardly worth noticing how some people call. (4,2)
4 With weapons on neither side? (5,10)
5 Seeing as one could look out of the surrey, it's a little unusual! (6,3,6)
6 Setting one's reasonable hopes, if one does? (8)
7 Traditional worker in circles scarcely calling for well-considered speeches! (8)
8 Supplies too much sea-water on site demolition. (8)
14 First-class fare? (8)
15 Such strange coteries should obviously be intended for a select few. (8)
16 Carpal? Its equivalent is to go computer, as they say. (8)
18 A deadly sin, it's conceded! (6)
19 One tries to keep his fire hidden. (6)
20 Such a carrier seems to be less covered than others. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1480

ACROSS: 1 Man-eating fish; 10 Mufti; 11 Arms reach; 12 Surprised; 13 and 6 down Takes first; 14 In the balance; 19 Danish pastry; 22 Brews; 24 Death wish; 25 Emanating; 26 Tykes; 27 Dearly beloved. DOWN: 2 Afford; 3 Emigrants; 4 Transship; 5 Nomad; 7 Sparking; 8 Amass; 9 Shyster; 15 Bespangle; 16 Larghetto; 17 Edibles; 18 Antedate; 20 Sickle; 21 Chest; 23 Stair; 24 Dairy.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis' "ground rules." Address Puzzle Department, *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.

EDUCATIONAL

LEARN SPANISH IN MEXICO. If you really want to learn Spanish intensively and economically, start any Monday at **CIDOC.** For catalog on language school and de-schooled academy, write: **CIDOC, APDO 479, CUERNAVACA, MEXICO.**

OPEN COMMUNITY SCHOOL. An alternative country boarding school where freedom is encouraged in an atmosphere of adult responsibility and concern. Children learn to trust, love and respect both themselves and others through learning and playing together and in sharing the responsibility of freedom with adults. The children choose from a rich curriculum of academics as well as arts, crafts, music, organic gardening, animals, drama, pottery, riding, photography, camping, etc. Accepting ages 6-16. **For brochure: Open Community School, Box 305N, Claverack, N.Y. 12513. (518) 851-3311.**

EXTERNAL DEGREE PROGRAM for well informed, highly motivated adults wishing to complete undergraduate education. Two-week resident periods on Goddard campus alternate with six-month independent study projects carried on at home under faculty supervision. Program leads to Goddard Bachelor of Arts degree. **Write Box E, Adult Degree Program, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont 05667.**

MUSIC

FREE 162-PAGE CATALOG offers over 1,000 fine recordings of **Renaissance, Baroque, Classical, Romantic and Modern music.** All late stereo recordings. Highest quality at budget label prices. Available only by mail from **MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY, Box 932 NA, New York, N.Y. 10023.**

PUBLICATIONS

HOW YOU CAN STOP SMOKING. No fads or gimmicks! This book presents a step-by-step method that is medically and psychologically sound. The smoking habit is in the mind—which must be conditioned against smoking. Will you be another cancer statistic? Make up your mind now! This 96 page book may save your life! **#WB-106, only $2.00. S. L. Jones, Inc., Dept. 2033CO, 1408 Marshall Ave., Norfolk, Va. 23504.**

NO PEACE IN SOUTHERN AFRICA. For current news about liberation struggle, U.S. investment, political and economic events, read **SOUTHERN AFRICA** (244 West 27 St., Dept. B, New York 10001.) Monthly. **$5.00 per/year. Write for sample copy.**

OPEN-MINDED? May we send you some unpopular questions and answers about smoking and health? Write for free booklet, **"The Cigarette Controversy," Dept. NA, The Tobacco Institute, 1776 K Street, N. W., Washington, D.C. 20006.**

FREE—Newsletter on Alcohol Addiction. **June** issue features **"The Soul of Pearl Buck—A Memorial"** and **"What Christ Said About Alcohol" ($1.00).** Mail stamped addressed envelope for sample copy of **PANORAMA** to: **Real New Books, Box 1432, GPO, N.Y.C. 10001. U.S.A.**

"HOW A FELLOW I KNOW GOT RICH (MODESTLY) NOT BETTNG ON HORSES" by J. F. Lido. $1.00. **P.O. Box 1368, San Diego, Calif. 92112.**

LITERARY SERVICES

WRITERS: "UNSALEABLE" MANUSCRIPT? Try **AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, Dept. N, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022.**

ADVERTISE YOUR NEEDS IN THE NATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW is the time to

subscribe to THE NATION at these money-saving rates.

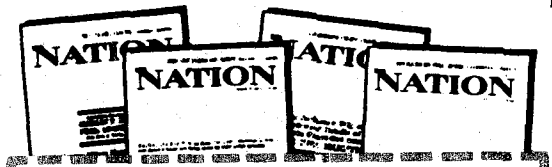
6 months (24 issues)	1 year (48 issues)
$9.00	$15.00

Enter your subscription to THE NATION right now . . . and enjoy two specific benefits:

1. SAVE MONEY. Regular single-copy price of THE NATION is 50¢ per copy. So you *save $9.00* (almost 40%) on a 1-year subscription which costs only $15.00 . . . or you *save $3.00* on a 6-month subscription at only $9.00.
2. FREE BOOK. Described at right is the book you will receive absolutely free, as a Bonus. Only a limited number of copies available, so act today to avoid disappointment.

Provocative and venturesome . . . THE NATION has been traveling the route of independent expression and dissent for more than 107 tumultuous years. Here is *the* forum for all free-thinkers who are not afraid to challenge the age-old illnesses that still confront America today: anti-intellectualism, intolerance, injustice, imperialism, inertia. And here, week after week after week, is the forthright comment by those who seek to examine and re-examine, expose and oppose, question and criticize the causes of our day.

Whether you're a liberal or a conservative, radical or revolutionary, let THE NATION help keep you up-to-date on the most absorbing political and social issues of our time. Enclose remittance now and you will receive your Bonus book at once. But please don't delay. Get your subscription into the mail today.



THE NATION *333 Sixth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10014*

Please ☐ enter ☐ extend my subscription to THE NATION for the term checked below. I am paying for my subscription now, so send my Bonus book at once.

☐ *1 year (48 issues) $15.00* ☐ *6 mos (24 issues) $9.00*

(Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.)

PRINT

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ *Bill me with the understanding that the free book will be sent after my subscription invoice has been paid.*

3-19-73

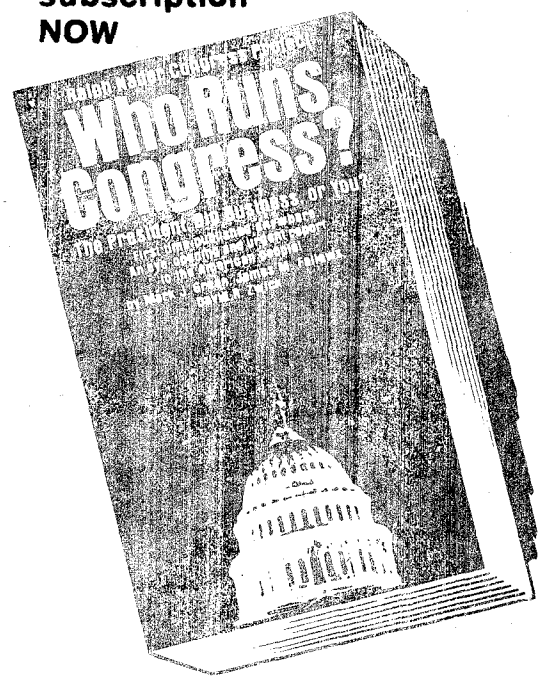
GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS

Timely and appropriate for any friend or relative you specially want to please. Attach separate sheet with names and addresses; we'll send gift cards in your name. Send $15.00 for each 1-year gift, including the FREE Bonus Book for you.

THE NATION
333 Sixth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10014

Yours ABSOLUTELY FREE!

if you enter your subscription NOW



WHO RUNS CONGRESS?

First of the "Nader's Raiders" Congress Reports

Accept this revealing and informative new book at *no* extra cost with your 6-month or 1-year paid subscription to THE NATION.

- How lawmakers become lawbreakers . . . or why Russell Long told Tom Dodd, "I'll support you all the way on this, Tom, even if you're guilty."
- What the "Games Congressmen Play" are—from the "politics of deference" to congressional love and marriage to the secret hideaway offices of the Capitol rulers . . .
- How billions of dollars appropriated by Congress to solve the nation's social problems are never spent because of presidential politics . . .
- Why the United States is bound by 4,000 "treaties" which Congress never approved . . .
- How the Nixon administration collaborates with Big Business to oppose strong antipollution legislation in Congress . . .

Don't miss this timely opportunity to find out "Who Runs Congress" — an eye-opening and urgent report to the American people! Your copy is FREE with a 6-month or 1-year paid subscription to THE NATION. Use coupon at left.

LIBRARY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED